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THE GHOST-SEER. *From the German of Schiller.*

I RELATE an event which to many will appear improbable, and to which I was, in a great measure, eye witness. To a few who are acquainted with a certain political event, it will give (since otherwise these papers would never have been in existence) a welcome explanation; and even without this key, it will, perhaps, not be uninteresting to others, as a contribution to the history of the crimes and errors of mankind. Men will wonder at the purpose which villainy could devise and execute, and at the means which it found to assure itself of the accomplishment of its purpose. Simple, strong truth shall guide my pen, since, when these papers appear in the world, I shall be no more, nor able to control their fate.

It was on my return to Courland, in the year 17**, at the time of the Carnival, that I visited the Prince of ——, in Venice. We had become acquainted in the campaign of the year ——, and now renewed an acquaintance which the peace had interrupted. As I, besides this inducement, desired to see all that was worth seeing in Venice, and the Prince only waited for a letter to return to ——, he easily persuaded me to delay my departure till that time. We agreed, accordingly, not to separate during our residence in Venice, and the Prince was so kind as to offer me the use of his lodgings at the “Moor.”

He maintained here the strictest incognito, since he wished to live for himself, and his small apanage did not allow him to maintain his rank. Two cavaliers, in whose secrecy he could entirely confide, composed, with his own body-servants, his whole retinue. He avoided expense from natural disposition, rather than a love of frugality. He fled from pleasure. Till his thirty-fifth year he had

withstood all the allurements of this voluptuous city. His high birth was to him a matter of indifference. Deep earnestness and an enthusiastic melancholy pervaded his character. His propensities were of a quiet order; but he was resolute to obstinacy. In determination slow and cautious, his affections were ardent and constant; in the midst of a noisy crowd, he went alone. Lost in a world of his own imagining, he was often a stranger in the real one. No man was ever born to be more ruled by others, without being himself weak. He was courageous and firm as soon as resolved; and possessed a soul great enough to withstand prejudice, and to die for another. Being the third prince of the blood, he had no probable expectation of the throne, and his ambition had never been awakened. His passions had taken another direction. Never opposing the wishes of others, he intruded his own on no one; the noiseless quiet of an unrestrained private life satisfied all his wishes. A neglected education and early service in the army had not permitted his mind to come to maturity. He read much, but without selection; and all the knowledge which he acquired, only increased the wide chaos of his ideas, as they had never stood on a firm foundation. He was a Protestant, as well as his whole family —by birth, not from investigation, which he had never made; nevertheless, during one epoch, if I may so call it, of his life, he became an enthusiast. As far I could learn, he had never been a Mason.

One evening, as we were taking our customary walk in the place of St. Mark—it began to grow late, and the crowd was dispersing—the Prince remarked that one mask still followed us. He was an Armenian, and walked alone. We hastened our steps, and endeavored, by frequent changes, to throw him off our track. In vain; the mask remained still behind us,

“Have you engaged in no intrigue?” said the Prince at length to me; “the husbands in Venice are dangerous.”

“I know not a single lady,” I answered.

“Let us sit down here, and speak German,” said he. “I think some one has discovered us.”

We sat down on a stone bench, and waited for the mask to pass us. He came directly up to us, and seated himself beside the Prince. The latter took out his watch, and said to me in a loud voice and in French, as he rose,

“It is nine o’clock; come, we forget that we are expected in the Louvre.”

He said this only to prevent the mask from following us.

“Nine o’clock,” repeated the latter; “I wish you joy, Prince,” (calling him by his own name,) “at nine o’clock he died.”

So saying, he departed. We looked at each other in amazement. "Who died?" said the Prince, at last, after a long silence.

"Let us follow him," said I, "and ask an explanation."

We searched through all the corners of the St. Mark's—the mask was no more to be seen. Dissatisfied, we returned to our hotel. On the way the Prince did not speak a word, but walked on one side, alone, and appeared to be struggling with some internal contest that he did not reveal to me. As we reached the house, he re-opened his lips for the first time.

"It is indeed laughable," said he, "that a madman with two words can so disturb a man's peace."

We wished each other good night, and as soon as I reached my chamber I made a memorandum of the day and hour on which this happened. It was on Thursday.

On the following evening, the Prince said to me,

"Shall we walk in St. Mark's, and look for our Armenian? I long for an explanation."

I agreed. We remained in the Square till eleven o'clock. The Armenian was nowhere to be seen. We repeated the same thing the four following evenings, and each time with no better success.

As we left the hotel on the sixth evening, I happened to leave word with the servant—whether accidentally or not, I cannot now recollect—where we were to be found, if inquired for. The Prince remarked my foresight, and praised it with a smiling countenance. There was a great crowd in the Square when we arrived. We had hardly walked thirty paces, when I again saw our Armenian, who, with swift steps, was walking through the streets, and appeared to be following some one with his eyes. We were just overtaking him, when the Baron of the F**, of the suite of the Prince, came up to us, breathless, and handed the Prince a letter.

"It is sealed with black," said he to me; "let us withdraw, that he may have time to read it."

The Prince went up to a flambeau, and began to read.

"My cousin is dead!" cried he.

"When?" asked I immediately, in a single word.

He looked again into his letter.

"Last Thursday, at nine in the evening."

We had not time to recover from our astonishment, when the Armenian stood before us.

"You are known here, my lord," said he to the Prince. "Hasten to the Moor; the Commissioners of the Senate are there to find you; the Baron of F** forgot to tell you that your letter had come."

He then disappeared among the crowd.

We hastened to the hotel. All there was as the Armenian had said. Three noblemen of the Republic were there to welcome the Prince, and conduct him with pomp to the Assembly. He had hardly time to give me to understand, by a glance, that I must wait for him. It was near eleven when he returned. Sad and thoughtful, he came into his chamber ; and after dismissing the servants, he took my hand.

"Count," said he to me, in the words of Hamlet, "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

"My lord," answered I, "you appear to forget that you go to bed with glorious hopes." (The deceased was heir apparent to the throne.)

"Do not remind me of it," said he. "If I had already now a throne, I should have more to do than think of such a trifle."

I note down this with care, because I believe it will serve for a proof how little the Prince was then elated by his high expectations.

The following evening we arrived earlier than usual at the Square. A sudden shower compelled us to take refuge in a coffee-house, where some persons were gambling. The Prince stationed himself behind a Spaniard, and watched the game. I went into an adjoining room, and read the news. In a short time I heard a noise. Before the entrance of the Prince, the Spaniard had been incessantly losing ; now he won on every card. The whole game was strikingly changed ; and the bank was in danger of being challenged by this player, whom this change of fortune had made bolder. The owner of the bank, a Venetian, observed to the Prince, in an offensive tone, that he spoiled his luck, and must leave the table. The latter looked coolly at him, and kept his place. He maintained the same position when the Venetian repeated his offensive remark in French. He then supposed that the Prince was ignorant of both languages ; and, turning to the company, with a contemptuous smile,

"Tell me, gentlemen," said he, "how can I make this fellow understand ?"

He then arose, and endeavored to take the Prince by the arm. The latter now lost all patience, and struck the Venetian to the ground. The room was immediately in an uproar. In the confusion I entered, and inadvertently called him by his own name.

"Beware, Prince," said I ; "remember we are in Venice."

The name of Prince created an universal silence, to which soon succeeded a murmur, which appeared to me dangerous. All the Italians present flocked together. One after another left the hall, till we two, with the Spaniard, and some Frenchmen, were the only persons remaining.

"You are lost," said they to the Prince, "if you do not immediately leave the city. The Venetian whom you have so roughly handled is rich enough to hire a bravo. It will cost him but fifty zecchins to remove you from the world."

The Spaniard offered to procure a safe-guard for the Prince, and to conduct him to his house; the Frenchmen were ready to do the same. We were yet standing there, and deliberating what was to be done, when the door opened, and some officers of the State Inquisition entered. They showed us an order of the government, in which we were both commanded to follow them instantly. Under a strong guard they conducted us to the canal. Here a gondola was waiting, into which we were obliged to enter. Before we went on board, they bound our eyes. They carried us to a large stone staircase, and then through a long circuitous passage, which was supported underneath by vaults, as I concluded from the many echoes which sounded under our feet. At last we arrived at another staircase of twenty-six steps. Here we were introduced into a hall, where the bandages were removed from our eyes. We found ourselves in a circle of strange looking old men, all clothed in black. The hangings of the hall were entirely of the same color, and it was dimly lighted. The effect of the whole scene was awful. One of these old men, apparently the principal state inquisitor, approached the Prince, and asked him, with a terrible expression of countenance, while at the same time they brought forward the Venetian,

"Do you recognize this man for the same whom you affronted in the coffee-house?"

"Yes," answered the Prince.

"Is this the same person who this evening endeavored to murder you?" said he, speaking to the prisoner.

The prisoner replied, "Yes."

Immediately the circle opened, and with horror we saw the head of the Venetian severed from his body.

"Are you content with this satisfaction?" said the state inquisitor.

The Prince lay powerless in the arms of his conductor.

"Go now," continued he to me, with a fearful tone of voice, "and judge in future less hastily of justice in Venice."

Who was the unknown friend, who, by the ready arm of justice, had saved us from certain death, we could not imagine. Overcome with terror, we reached our lodgings. It was after midnight. The valet de chambre of Z—— waited for us with impatience on the steps.

"How lucky it was you sent us the message!" said he to the Prince, as he lighted us up. "The information which the Baron

of F** soon after brought to the house from the market-place would otherwise have placed us in the greatest anxiety about you."

"The message I sent? When? I know nothing about this!"

"This evening, after eight o'clock, they informed us that we need not be alarmed if you returned to the house later than usual this evening."

Here the Prince looked at me.

"You have, perhaps, without my knowledge, sent this message?"
I knew nothing about it.

"It must be true, your highness," said the valet de chambre, "since here is your repeater, which was sent with it as a proof."

The Prince felt in his fob. The watch was indeed gone, and he recognized this for his own.

"Who brought it?" said he in perplexity.

"An unknown mask in an Armenian habit, who immediately disappeared."

We stood and looked at each other.

"What can this mean?" said the Prince at last, after a long silence. "I have a concealed spy in Venice."

The terrible scenes of this night threw the Prince into a fever, which for eight days compelled him to keep his chamber. During this time our hotel was thronged by the natives and strangers whom the discovered rank of the Prince attracted thither, and who emulated each other in attentions. Every one sought, after his own manner, to make himself agreeable. Of the whole transaction in the inquisition no more mention was made. Since the court wished to delay the departure of the Prince, some of the bankers received orders to furnish him with considerable sums. Thus was he, against his will, replaced in his rank in society, and obliged to prolong his stay in Italy; and I determined, at his solicitations, to delay my departure likewise. As soon as he had so far recovered his health as to leave his chamber again, the physician recommended him to make an excursion on the Brenta, for a change of air. The weather was fine—our party agreeable. As we were on the point of going on board the gondola, the Prince missed the key of a small casket, which contained very important papers. We immediately returned to look for it. He recollects perfectly to have locked the casket the day before, and since that time he had not been in his room. But all search was in vain, and we were obliged to desist from it in order not to lose time. The Prince, whose soul was above suspicion, gave it up for lost, and begged us to speak no more about it. The voyage was delightful. A beautiful landscape, which, with every turn of the stream, appeared to surpass itself in richness and splendor; a sky perfectly clear, and which, in the

middle of February, appeared to be that of a May-day ; beautiful gardens, and a charming country ; the seats without number which adorned both sides of the Brenta ; and behind, as the majestic Venice rose, with its towers and masts ; altogether was presented to us the most delightful spectacle in the world. We gave ourselves up to the beneficent charms of nature ; our joy was at the highest. The Prince himself forgot his sadness, and mingled with us in frolicsome conversation. An airy music was wafted to us as we went on shore, about two Italian miles from the city. It came from a little village, in which, just then, a fair was held. The villagers advanced in a band composed of all ages. A troop of boys and maidens, all clad in theatrical habits, welcomed us with a pantomimic dance. The invention was new—lightness and grace animated every motion. Before the dance was at an end, the conductress of it, who represented a queen, was suddenly stopped, as if by an invisible hand. She stood motionless, as did the rest. The music ceased ; not a breath was heard through the whole assembly ; the conductress stood with her looks fastened to the ground like a statue. Suddenly, with the fury of inspiration, she sprang into the air, and then looking wildly about her,

"The king is among us," she cried, and tore her crown from her head, and threw herself at the feet of the Prince.

All present fastened their eyes on him, not knowing how to consider him, so much had the passionate earnestness of this figurante affected them. An universal clapping of hands at last broke the silence caused by this event. My eyes were directed to the Prince. I remarked that he was vexed, and at a loss how to sustain the searching glances of the spectators. He threw gold among the children, and hastened from the crowd. We had walked but a few steps, when a venerable bare-footed Dominican friar hastened through the crowd, and forcing his way to the Prince,

"Sir," said the monk, "give to the Madonna your gold ; you will need her prayers."

He spoke this with a tone which made us start. The crowd forced him away. Our suite was in the mean time increased. An English lord, whom the Prince had seen before in Nizza, some merchants from Livorno, a Dutch canon, a French abbé, with some ladies, and a Russian officer, had joined us. The physiognomy of the latter had something entirely uncommon, that attracted our attention. Never in my life saw I features so strongly marked, with so little character ; so much attractive kindness, united with so repulsive coldness, in the countenance of one man. Every passion seemed to have been imprinted, and to have left it again. Nothing was left but the cool, penetrating look of a complete master of human nature, who scrutinized every eye which met his view.

This same man followed us, but seemed to take but a negligent part in all that was going on. We arrived at a booth, in which a lottery was drawing. The ladies took a chance; the rest of us followed their example; even the Prince called for a ticket. He won a snuff-box. As he opened it, I observed him turn pale.—The *key* was in it.

“What means this?” said the Prince to me, as we were alone for a moment. “A higher power directs me. Omniscience follows me. An invisible being, whom I cannot escape, watches all my motions. I must search out the Armenian, and request an explanation of him.”

The sun was near setting as we arrived at the summer-house where the supper was served. The name of the Prince had increased our company to sixteen persons. Besides the above-mentioned persons, were a virtuoso from Rome, some Swiss, and an adventurer from Palermo, who wore uniform, and called himself a captain. I was determined to spend the whole evening here, and return by torch light. The conversation at table was very lively, and the Prince could not forbear to relate the story of the key, which created universal astonishment. There was a violent dispute about the matter. Most of the company asserted boldly that all these mysterious events were mere jugglery; the abbé, who had taken too much wine, defied the whole race of spirits; the Englishman talked blasphemy; the virtuoso called it the doings of the devil; some, among whom was the Prince, thought that they ought to be cautious in giving their opinion about the matter; while the Russian officer, all this time, was conversing with the ladies, and appeared to be entirely inattentive to the whole conversation. In the heat of the dispute, no one had observed that the Sicilian had gone out. About half an hour afterwards he returned, wrapped in his cloak, and came behind the chair of the Frenchman.

“You have bravely challenged the whole race of spirits; dare you maintain it with one?”

“Willingly!” cried the abbé, “with any you please.”

“I will soon find one,” answered the Sicilian, turning towards us, “if these gentlemen and ladies will leave us alone.”

“Why so?” cried the Englishman. “A brave spirit will not fear so pleasant a company.”

“I care not for their going,” said the Sicilian.

“For heaven’s sake, let us go!” cried the ladies, and rose terrified from their seats.

“Call your spirits when you please,” cried the abbé, vauntingly, “but I warn you beforehand that we shall have sharp swords at work,” (and he struck his own against that of one of the company.)

"My lord," said the Sicilian, turning to the Prince, "you mentioned that your key had been in strange hands, and can you guess in whose?"

"No."

"Can you think of no one?"

"I had formed indeed a conjecture."

"Should you recognize the person if you should see him again?"

"Without doubt."

The Sicilian now unfolded his cloak and took out a mirror which he held before the eyes of the Prince. "Is this he," asked he.

The Prince started back with horror.

"What have you seen?" asked I.

"The Armenian."

The Sicilian concealed his glass again under his cloak.

"Was it the same person whom you thought?" asked all the company.

"The very same."

Here every countenance changed; some heard a laugh, all eyes were fixed inquisitively on the Sicilian.

"Monsieur l'Abbé, the business was in earnest," said the Englishmen, "I advise you to think of a retreat."

"The fellow has the devil under his cloak," cried the Frenchman, and ran out of the house—the ladies flew shrieking from the hall—the virtuoso followed them—the Dutch canon snored in his chair—the Russian continued as before to sit inattentively.

"You wished perhaps only to bring the boaster to ridicule," said the Prince after these had left the room, "or did you really mean to keep him to his word?"

"It is true," said the Sicilian, "with the Abbé I was not serious. I took him at his word, because I knew the coward dared not maintain it. The affair however is of itself of too much importance to let it go as a jest."

The curiosity of the Prince was now raised to the highest degree. This had always been the thing, which of all others, had most excited him, and the appearance of the Armenian, had brought back to his mind those suppositions, which his better judgement and long deliberation had put away. He went aside with the Sicilian, and I heard him confer urgently with him.

"You have a man before you," said he, "who burns with impatience to see this weighty matter brought to a conclusion. I would embrace him as my benefactor, as my dearest friend, who would here resolve my doubts and take the bandage from my eyes,—will you do me this great service?"

"What do you desire?" asked the magician, hesitatingly.

"Only for a proof of your art. Let me see an apparition."

"For what purpose?"

"That you may partake of my nearer friendship, if I am worthy of your instruction."

"I esteem you above everything, most noble Prince. A secret power in your face, of which you are unconscious, has bound me irresistibly to you, at first sight. You are more powerful than you are aware of. You have an absolute right to command all my powers,—but—"

"Then let me see an apparition."

"But I must first be assured that you do not make this request merely out of curiosity. If the invisible powers are in any degree at my command, I am under a sacred obligation not to abuse my power."

"My motives are the purest—I wish truth."

Here they left the place, and went to a distant window whence I could not hear them. The Englishman, who had likewise overheard the conversation, took me aside.

"Your Prince is a noble gentleman. I am sorry for him. I will wager my soul that he is dealing with a villain."

"That will be ascertained," I answered, "from the manner in which he comes out of the traffic."

"How do you know?" asked the Englishman. "The poor devil values himself at a high price. He will not display his art till he hears the gold jingle. Here are nine of us. We will make a collection. That will destroy his power, and open, perhaps, the Prince's eyes."

"I am agreed," said I. The Englishman threw six guineas on a plate, and handed it to the company. Every one gave some louis; with the Russian, our proposal met with a strange reception; he threw a bank-note for a hundred zechins on the plate—a lavishness at which the Englishman wondered. We brought the collection to the Prince.

"Have the goodness," said the Englishman, "to request this gentleman, for us, to let us see a proof of his skill, and accept this little memorial of our acquaintance." The Prince laid a valuable ring on the plate, and handed it to the Sicilian. The latter reflected a few seconds.

"Gentlemen," he began, "your generosity humbles me—but I yield to your wishes, (here he rung the bell.) As to this gold, to which I have no right, if you are willing, I will bestow it on the nearest Benedictine convent, for charitable purposes. This ring I will keep, as a precious memorial, which will always remind me of this most noble prince."

Here the landlord came in, to whom he immediately delivered the gold.

"He is still a villain ;" whispered the Englishmen to me, "the gold he rejects, since he is now more than ever bound to the Prince."

"Whom do you wish?" asked the Magician of the latter.

The Prince deliberated a moment,—

"A great man," cried the lord.

"Ask for the Pope Gauganelli; to these gentlemen he will be acceptable."

The Sicilian bit his lips,—

"I dare not request one who has received consecration."

"That is unlucky," said the Englishman, "perhaps we could have learned from him, of what sickness he died."

"The Marquis of Lanoy," the Prince now took up the conversation, "was a French brigadier, in the last war, and my most intimate friend. In the battle of Hastinbech, he received a mortal wound; he was brought to my tent, where he soon died in my arms. As he struggled with death, he motioned me to him. 'Prince,' he began, 'I shall never again see my paternal land. You know a secret to which none, but I, have the key. In a convent, on the Flemish borders, lives a —— ——,' here he expired. The hand of death cut short his communication. I might have him here, and hear the continuation."

"In faith, a good request!" cried the Englishman. "I will declare you the greatest artist on earth, if you can grant him this request."

We wondered at the ingenious choice of the Prince, and gave it our unanimous approval. Meanwhile the Magician walked with heavy steps, to and fro, and appeared irresolutely to contend with himself.

"And this was all that the dying man could inform you of?"

"All."

"Made you no farther inquiries on the subject, in his country?"

"All were useless."

"Had the Marquis Lanoy, lived irreproachably? I dare not call up any dead person."

"He died in repentance, for the extravagancies of his youth."

"Have you any memorial of him with you?"

"Yes."

The Prince had really a snuff-box with him, on which the miniature of the Marquis was enamelled, and this he laid on the table near him.

"I do not wish to see it—Leave me alone—You shall see the deceased."

We were requested to go into the other pavilion and remain there till he should call us. Immediately, he removed all the furniture of

the room, shut the windows, and locked carefully all the closets. He ordered the landlord in whom he appeared greatly to confide, to bring a chafing-dish of burning coals, and immediately to extinguish all the fires in the house. Before he went out, he exacted from each particularly, the promise to maintain an everlasting silence, with regard to what we should see and hear. Behind us all the bolts of the pavilion were drawn. It was near eleven o'clock, and a death-like stillness reigned in the whole house. As we went out the Russian asked me if we had loaded pistols with us?

"For what purpose?" said I.

"It is proper at all events," he replied.

"Wait a moment, I will provide myself." He went out. The Baron von F*** and I opened a window that overlooked the pavilion, and it occurred to us, that we heard two men talking together, and a noise as if a ladder was raised. Still this was but a conjecture. I did not allow myself to consider it certain. The Russian came back with a pair of pistols, after he had been gone half an hour. We saw him carefully load them. It was near two o'clock, when the Magician again appeared, and informed us that it was time. Before we entered, he ordered us to take off one shoe, and to enter in our shirt sleeves, stockings and breeches. The locks were turned upon us as before. We found, on returning to the hall, a large circle described on the floor with a coal, large enough to contain the whole ten of us. An altar, hung with black cloth, stood in the middle of the circle, under which a carpet of red cloth was spread. A Chaldean bible lay by the side of it. A skull was placed on the altar, and a silver crucifix fastened to the same place. Instead of a candle, spirits were burning in a silver case. A powerful odor of olibanum filled the hall, by which the light was almost extinguished. The conjurer was undressed, as well as ourselves, and barefoot. On his head he wore an amulet, formed by a chain of human hair;—about his loins, he wore a white apron, which was inscribed with mystic hieroglyphics, and symbolic figures. He ordered us to join our hands together, and to observe a deep silence; especially he requested us to ask no questions of the apparition. The Englishman and myself, (towards both of us he appeared to entertain the greatest mistrust,) he requested to hold two naked swords crosswise, about an inch above his head, as long as the affair should continue. The company stood in a half-moon near him. The Russian officer placed himself close to the Englishman, and stood nearest the altar. His face turned towards the east, the Magician stood on the carpet, threw holy water towards every quarter of the world, and bowed thrice before the bible. The conjuration continued ten minutes, of which we understood nothing; after the end of it, he gave to the person who stood next behind him a sign, that he should seize him

hard by the hair. In the strongest convulsions, he thrice called the name of the deceased, and the third time he reached out his hand to the crucifix. Suddenly we felt a concussion, as if from a thunder-bolt, that severed our hands from each other.—A sudden thunder-clap shook the house, all the shutters rattled, the doors slammed together, the spirits in the lamps were nearly extinguished, and on the opposite wall above the chimney-place appeared a human figure, in a bloody shirt, pale and with the countenance of a dead man.—

“Who called me?” said a hollow, hardly audible voice.

“Thy friend,” answered the conjurer, “who cherishes thy memory, and prays for thy soul.” He then mentioned the name of the Prince.

The answer followed after a long interval.

“What does he wish?” demanded the voice.

“Thy information he wishes to hear to the end, which you began in this world, and did not finish.”

“In a cloister on the Flemish borders lives—

Here the house shook anew. The door flew open amid a violent thunder-clap, a flash illumined the chamber, and another human figure, bloody and pale as the first, but more terrific, appeared on the threshold. The spirits began again to burn, and the hall was illuminated as at first.

“Who is among us?” cried the magician, affrighted, and threw a look of terror around the assembly. “Thee have I not called.”

The apparition walked with majestic steps to the altar, stationed himself on the carpet directly opposite us, and seized the crucifix. The first figure we saw no more—

“Who called me?” said the second apparition.

The magician began to tremble convulsively. Terror and dismay had seized us. I seized a pistol; the magician snatched it from my hand, and fired it at the figure. The bullet rolled slowly over the altar, and the figure stepped unchanged from the smoke. Now the magician sank down powerless.

“What means this?” cried the Englishman, full of terror, and made a blow at him with a sword. The figure seized his arm, and the blade fell to the ground. A cold sweat now came over my forehead. Baron Von F*** stood near, as he had requested. This whole time the Prince had stood fearless and quietly, his eye fixed on the figure—

“Yes! I know thee,” cried he at last, full of emotion; “thou art Lanoy; thou art my friend—Whence comest thou?”

“Eternity is dumb. Ask me of my past life.”

“Who lived in the cloister that you mentioned to me?”

“My daughter!”

“How! you have been a father?”

"Woe is me that I was."

"Are you not happy, Lanoy?"

"God has judged."

"Can I show thee any favor in this world?"

"None other than to think of thyself."

"How shall I do that?"

"You shall hear at Rome."

Here followed a new thunder-clap ; a black cloud of smoke filled the chamber ; as it dispersed we found the figure no more. I threw up a window, it was morning. The magician now awoke from his trance.

"Where are we?" cried he, as he saw the daylight.

The Russian officer stood directly behind him.

"Juggler," said he to him with a terrible look ; "you will call no more spirits."

The Sicilian came near him, looked directly in his face, uttered a loud cry, and fell at his feet. We now all at once saw the pretended Russian. The Prince recognised suddenly the features of the Armenian, and the word that he was just uttering died on his lips. Terror and fear had seized us all. Noiseless and fixedly we looked at this mysterious being, who penetrated us with a look of calm power and grandeur. A moment this silence lasted. Not a breath was heard in the whole assembly. A violent knocking at the door brought us at last to ourselves. The door fell shattered into the chamber, and some ministers of justice, with a guard, rushed in.

"Here we find them together!" cried the leader, and motioned to his attendants. "In the name of the government," cried he to us, "I arrest you."

We had not time enough to recollect ourselves ; in a few moments we were surrounded. The Russian officer, as I now again call the Armenian, took the leader of the bailiffs apart, and as much as the confusion permitted, I remarked that he said some words earnestly in his ear, and showed him something written. Immediately the bailiff, with respectful bows, turned himself to us, and took his hat off.

"Forgive me gentlemen," said he, "that I could confound you with this juggler. I will not ask who you are, but this gentleman assures me that I have before me men of honor."

He at the same time turned to his attendants to release us, but commanded them to watch and bind the Sicilian.

"The villain is now caught," said he. "We have been on the look-out for him these seven months."

This miserable man was truly an object of compassion. The double fright of the second apparition, and of this unexpected incident, had overpowered his understanding. He suffered himself to

be bound like a child ; his eyes were wide opened and staring from a death-like countenance ; and his lips moved convulsively, without producing any sound. Each moment we expected a return of his paroxysm. The Prince felt compassion for his situation, and undertook to obtain his release from the officer, whom he appeared to be acquainted with.

" My lord," said the latter, " do you know the man for whom you feel so much compassion ? The trick which he thought to play upon you is his least fault. We have his confederates. They tell abominable stories of him too. He may consider himself lucky, if he escapes with the galley's."

In the mean time, we saw the landlord, together with his house servants, bound with cords, led into the court.

" He too ! " cried the Prince, " what has he been guilty of ? "

" He is his companion in guilt," answered the leader of the bailiffs, " and has assisted him in his jugglery and thieving, sharing the booty with him. You shall soon be convinced, my lord," turning to his attendants. " Let them search the whole house and bring me notice immediately of what they find there."

The Prince now looked for his Armenian, but he was no more to be seen. In the universal confusion which this incident had created, he had found measures to escape unobserved. The Prince was inconsolable ; he immediately desired all his people to look for him, himself intending to search for him in company with me. I went to a window. The whole house was surrounded by inquisitive people, whom the noise of this event had collected. It was impossible to get through the crowd. I informed the Prince of this. If this Armenian is determined to conceal himself from us, he is certainly more cunning than we, and all our endeavors will be useless. Let us remain here for the present, my lord Prince ; perhaps this officer of justice can give us some information about him, since, to him, if I am not mistaken, he has discovered himself.

We now recollect that we were undressed, and hastened to our chamber to throw our clothes on in a hurry. As we returned we found the search had been made. After they had removed the altar, and taken up some of the floor planks, they found a secret vault, in which a man might sit upright, furnished with a door, which, through a small trap, led to the cellar. In this vault they found an electric machine, a watch, and a small silver bell, which last, as well as the electric machine, had a communication with the altar, and the crucifix fastened to it. A window shutter which stood over the door, as we afterwards found, admitted a magic lantern, by which the late apparition on the wall over the chimney had been formed. From the roof and cellar they had brought various drums, to which leaden bullets were attached by strings, apparently to produce the

noise of thunder, that we had heard. On searching the clothes of the Sicilian, they found in a case, a certain powder; some quicksilver in phials; phosphorus in a glass case; a ring, which we immediately knew for a magnetic one, as it hung from a steel button; in his pocket a pater-noster, a Jew's beard, pocket pistols, and a dirk.

"Let us see if they are loaded," said one of the bailiffs, taking one of the pistols, and discharging it up the chimney.

"Jesu Maria," cried a hollow human voice, the very sound which we had heard from the first apparition, and in the same moment we saw some one, covered with blood, creep from the chimney.

"Not yet at rest, poor spirit?" cried the Englishman, while the rest of us drew back with horror. "Go to thy grave. Thou hast appeared what thou wert not; now thou wilt be what thou appearest."

"Jesu Maria! I am wounded," said the man in the chimney.

The ball had shattered his right leg. Immediately we requested that the wound might be bound.

"But who are you, and why must you come here as an evil demon?"

"A poor Dominican," answered the wounded man, "a strange gentleman gave me a zechin that I should play a part."

"And why did you not immediately retire?"

"He was to give me a zechin when I went away. The zechin still remained, and just as I was coming down, the ladder was taken away."

"And what was the part you were to play for him?"

The man here was seized with a fainting fit, so that we could obtain no more from him. In the mean time, the Prince turned to the leader of the bailiffs.

"You have rescued us," said he, putting some gold pieces in the man's hand, "from the hands of a villain, and done us this service without knowing us. Will you make the obligation a welcome one, and inform us who was the unknown, to whom it cost but two words to put us at freedom?"

"Whom do you mean?" said the bailiff, with an air which showed how fruitless the question was.

"The gentleman in the Russian uniform, who took you aside, showed you something written, and said some words in your ear, upon which you released us."

"Do you not know the gentleman?" said the bailiff, "was not he of your company?"

"No," said the Prince, "and for very weighty reasons I wish a nearer acquaintance with him."

"I know him no better," answered the bailiff. "His name even

is unknown to me, and to day I saw him for the first time in my life."

"How? and in so short time could he prevail upon you by two words, that you should set himself and us free as guiltless?"

"Entirely by one word."

"And this was?—I insist that I be informed of it."

"This unknown, my lord,"—while he weighed the zechins in my hand, "you have been too generous to me to allow me to make it longer a secret. This unknown was —— an officer of the state inquisition."

"The state inquisition! He!"

"Nothing else, my lord, and of that the paper informed, which he showed me."

"This man, say you? it is impossible"—

"I will tell you still more, my lord. He is the very one on whose information I came here to apprehend the conjurer."

We looked at each other with the greatest astonishment.

"Then we know," cried the Englishman, "why the poor devil of a conjurer was so frightened when he looked in his face. He knew him for a spy, and upon that uttered a shriek and fell at his feet."

"No more," said the Prince, "this man assumes any appearance he pleases, and that at the moment he forms the wish. What he really is, no son of man can tell. Saw you the Sicilian shrink, when he said these words in his ear, 'You shall call no more spirits.' There is more in it. That any one should feel such terror for a man, no one shall convince me."

"Upon this point the magician himself will best inform you," said the lord, "if this gentleman (turning to the leader of the bailiffs,) will grant us an interview with his prisoner."

The leader of the bailiffs promised it to us, and we agreed with the Englishman to visit him early in the morning. We now returned to Venice. At day break, lord Seymour (this was the name of the Englishman,) was at the appointed place; a trusty person soon appeared, whom the chief-bailiff had ordered to conduct us to the prison. I had forgotten to relate that the Prince had, for several days, missed a huntsman of his, a Bramin by birth, who had served him faithfully for many years, and possessed all his confidence. Whether he had died, been stolen, or had eloped, no one knew. For the last supposition, there was no probable ground, since he had always been a quiet and orderly man, and fault had never been found with him. All his comrades could recollect, was, that he had of late appeared melancholy, and, whenever he could find a moment, had visited a monastery in Guidecca, where he had formed an acquaintance with some of the friars. This induced the suspicion that he, perhaps, had fallen into the hands of priests, and had become

Catholic, and as the Prince on this point was very tolerant, or very indifferent, he suffered the matter, after a few fruitless inquiries, to rest here. Still, the loss of this man, who had always in the field been at his side, had always remained true to him, and, in a foreign land, was not easily to be supplied, troubled him. This day as we were on the point of setting off, the banker of the Prince was announced, to whom had been given the charge of providing a new servant. This man presented to the Prince a well formed and well dressed man, of middle age, who had long been in the service of Procurator, as secretary, spoke French, and some German, and was provided with the best recommendations. His physiognomy was pleasing, and as he, moreover, declared that his salary should depend on the satisfaction of the Prince with his services, he was immediately admitted to his employment.

We found the Sicilian in a private prison, into which, according to the desire of the Prince, as the officer informed us, he had been brought, before being placed under the *Bleidacher*, where there was at present no room. The Bleidacher is one of the most frightful prisons in Venice, under the roof of the Palace of St. Marks, in which the unhappy prisoners, from the violent heat of the sun, are often driven to madness. The Sicilian had recovered from his yesterday's sickness, and stood in an attitude of obeisance as the prince entered. A leg and an arm were shackled, but he could move freely about the room. At our entrance the guard withdrew from the door.

"I come," said the Prince, "to obtain information from you on two points, in which you have been guilty towards me in particular, and it will not be to your disadvantage if you can satisfy me on others."

"My part is played," answered the Sicilian, "my fate is in your hands."

"Your candor alone can improve it."

"Speak, my lord, I am ready to answer, since I have nothing left to lose."

"You showed me the countenance of the Armenian in your mirror; in what manner did you do this?"

"It was no mirror that you saw. A mere pasteboard image behind a glass, that represented a man in an Armenian dress, deceived you. My quickness, the twilight, your astonishment, assisted the deception. The image itself will be found among the other things which they have found in the hotel."

"But how could you know my thoughts so well, and so readily fix upon the Armenian?"

"This was not difficult, my lord. You have doubtless at table spoken to your attendants concerning what had taken place between you and this Armenian. One of my people formed an accidental

acquaintance with a huntsman of yours, at Guidecca, from whom, by degrees, he found means to draw as much information as was necessary for my purpose."

"Where is this huntsman?" asked the Prince. "I have missed him, and doubtless you know of his escape."

"I swear to you, that I know nothing about him, my lord. I have never even seen him, nor had any more intercourse with him, than I have just mentioned."

"Continue," said the Prince.

"In this way I was immediately informed of your presence in Venice, and the circumstances which took place there, and resolved to profit by it. You see, my lord, that I am candid. I knew of your intended expedition on the Brenta; I had provided myself for it, and a key, which fell accidentally from you, gave me the first opportunity of trying my skill on you."

"How! then have I been mistaken? Was the contrivance with the key, indeed your work, and not the Armenian's? The key, you say I dropped."

"As you took out your purse; and I took the opportunity, when no one was looking, to cover it with my foot. The person from whom you took the lottery-ticket, was in understanding with me. He gave you a chance in a raffle, in which there were no blanks, and the key lay in the box long before you won it."

"I understand. And the Dominican, who threw himself in my way, and spoke so earnestly to me?"

"Was the same man, whom, as I hear, they took wounded from the chimney. He is one of my comrades, who, under this disguise, has done me many good services."

"But for what purpose did you do all this?"

"To make you think, to put you in such a state of mind that should induce belief in the wonderful things I was going to perform upon you."

"But the pantomimic dance, which took such a singular and surprising appearance, that, at least, was not your invention."

"The maiden who represented the queen, was instructed by me, and her whole part, my contrivance. I guessed, that it would not a little surprise your highness to be known in this place; and—pardon me Sir—that adventure with the Armenian induced me to hope, that you would be inclined to despise natural explanations, and seek for higher sources of these wonderful events."

"Indeed!" cried the Prince, with an air of surprise and vexation, while he cast a look of doubt at me, "indeed; I did not expect this. But," he continued after a long silence, "how did you produce that figure on the wall over the chimney?"

"Ey a magic lantern, which was introduced through the opposite window shutter, where you, perhaps, have observed an aperture."

"But how happened it that no one perceived it," asked lord Seymour.

"You remember, my lord, that a strong smoke from the furnace, filled the apartment as you entered. I had also the precaution to lean some boards against the window shutter in which the magic lantern was fixed, and this prevented you from immediately seeing it. Moreover the lantern was concealed by a bar, till you had taken your place, when I had to fear no more scrutiny from you."

"I thought," said I, "that I heard a ladder raised against the wall, as I looked from the window in the other room. Was it so?"

"It was. This was the ladder on which my assistant climbed to the window, in order to fix the magic lantern to it."

"The apparition seemed really, to have a slight resemblance to my deceased friend," said the Prince, "in one point, particularly, that it was very pale. Was this chance, or how did you contrive it?"

"Your highness forgets that you laid on the table near you, a snuff-box, on which was enamelled the miniature of a ***ish officer. I asked you if you had not with you some memorial of your deceased friend. You replied in the affirmative, and I then concluded that it might be this box. I had got the form on the box well in my mind; and since I am skilful in drawing, and particularly happy at likenesses, it was easy for me to give to the apparition the slight resemblance you observed, and even to hit upon the features of the Marquis."

"But the figure appeared to move."

"So it appeared—but it was not the figure, but the smoke that produced the appearance."

"And the man who fell from the chimney answered for the apparition?"

"The same."

"But he could not easily hear the questions."

"He could not. But you recollect, noble Prince, that I urgently requested you to ask no questions of the apparition. That I should speak to him, and he should answer to me, was agreed upon; and that there might be no mistake, I allowed him to make long pauses, which he was to reckon by the clock."

"You gave the landlord orders to extinguish all the fires in the house; this was doubtless"—

"To put my confederate in the chimney out of danger of burning, since the chimnies of the house communicate with each other."

"But how happened it," asked lord Seymour, "that your spirit came neither later nor earlier than you wanted him?"

"He was a good while in the chimney, before I called him, but as long as the spirits burned, the appearance was not to be seen. As my conjuration ended, I extinguished the spirits, it became night in the room, and now for the first time, was seen the appearance on the wall, which had been reflected on it for some time."

"But in the same moment that the spirit appeared, we all felt an electric shock. How did you do that?"

"The machine under the altar, you have discovered. You saw also, that I stood on a carpet. I made you stand around me in a semi circle, and join your hands together; as it was nearly time, I motioned to one of you to seize me by the hair. The silver crucifix was the conductor, and you felt the shock as I touched it with my hand."

"You ordered us, the count of *** and myself," said Lord Seymour, "to hold two naked swords crosswise above your head, as long as the conjuration lasted. What was that for?"

"For nothing more than to busy you two, in whom I had the least confidence, during the scene. You remember that I told you to hold them an inch higher; for this reason, that you must always be busy, to preserve this distance, and thus were hindered from casting your eyes where I did not want them."

"I understand," cried lord Seymour, "but why must we be undressed?"

"Merely to give a greater mystery to the whole transaction, and by the strangeness to excite your wonder."

"The second apparition did not let your spirit say a word," said the Prince. "What should we probably have heard from him?"

"The same that you heard from the other. I inquired of your highness not without design, if you had mentioned all that the dying man had told you, and if you had made no inquiries in his country; this I found necessary, in order to be unacquainted with no facts which the answers of my spirit could contradict. I asked you if the deceased had lived irreproachably; and on your answering, I grounded my plan."

To be continued.

THE EVENING STAR.

Off in the dim, uncurtained sky,
The Evening Star's bright diamond eye
Looks through the blue (that hangs alone,
Like drapery torn from off God's throne,) W
Upon this cold and slumbering world,
With angel pinions round it furled.

When the far sky is full of light,
And stars are on the brow of night,
And moonlight falleth from the skies,
Like glories from young angels' eyes,
Settling in bright and silent showers,
As soft as dew on midnight flowers,

Thy diamond glance, bright Evening Star !
Shines from the host, (that crowd afar,
Like virgins, on the heavenly plain,)
The brightest of the evening train—
A priestess of those sky-born choirs,
That breathe their hymns to heavenly lyres.

Ay, float away upon that curled
And starry covering of the world !
Sail calmly down that sky of love,
Like thoughts descending from above !
Ay, float away—for nought shall mar
Thy burning glory, Evening Star !

S. M. C.

THE EVENING STAR.

THE lingering radiance of the sun
Has sunk beneath the fading west,
And purpling clouds within the dunle
Have floated to their isles of rest ;
The moon illumines the vast expanse ;
And bathes in light the landscape far,
While, like a roaming angel's glance,
Gleams forth the beauteous vesper star.

Sweet herald of the eventide !—
It is the loveliest of the throng,
That through those unknown regions ride,
And fill the sky with endless song ;
Seeming to Fancy's pensive eye,
A lovely spirit's brilliant car,
Here stationed in the southern sky—
Creation's peerless guardian star !

Would that my longing soul could go
Across the waste that lies between,
To revel in the glorious flow
Of light that's here so faintly seen,

And there behold what lovely isles,
What blooming scenes in realms afar,
Encircled with eternal smiles,
Are spread beneath that evening star.

Oh for a seraph's tireless plumes,
To waft my restless spirit there,
Where Eden's holiest light illumines
The vast unfathomed depths of air :—
To bear me to yon blessed sphere,
Where burns the light of heaven afar,
Whose radiance, ever bright and clear,
Is shining in that fadeless star.

FERAMORZ.

DR. CHANNING.

THE rank which this celebrated Divine has lately taken as an Essayist, and the interest excited in his writings abroad, have made him a conspicuous object of curiosity. He is probably the greatest Intellect among us, and as such, we have thought a slight sketch of his person and manner, though given with no advantages but those of a general observer, might not be uninteresting to our readers.*

Dr. Channing's appearance out of the pulpit is not prepossessing. He is below the middle stature, and of the slightest possible frame. Constant illness of late years has reduced even his natural proportions, and when seen in the street, wrapped with a shrinking closeness from the air, and pursuing his way with the irresolute step and the subdued countenance of an invalid, it is difficult to reconcile his appearance with the prodigious energy of his writings. In the pulpit he is another man. The cloud of anxiety passes from his face as he rises. The contracted expression ordinarily visible about his mouth gives place to a dilated and serene calmness. His fine eye expands, and brightens, and the whole character of his face is one of the most pure and elevated humanity. A hearer who saw him for the first time there, if indeed he remembered anything but the eloquent beauty of his thoughts, would go away impressed with his noble dignity, and the air of calm power in his look and action. His face itself is diminutive, smaller even than a child's, but there is great breadth at the temples, and his forehead, over which he wears his hair long and carelessly, is of the finest form and amplitude. On

* The picture of Dr. Channing by our admirable artist, Harding, is one of his most successful efforts. The Engraving from it by Hoogland, though all the spirit and nice resemblance of the original portrait is, of course, not retained, is still a capital likeness, and to the eye of a common observer of Dr. C.'s face in the pulpit, a *fac simile*.

the whole, we think the common impression after seeing Dr. Channing would be that of a Mind, a mere Intellect, wrapped in the slightest drapery of flesh that will confine it—a coil of mortality so loosely worn, that, whenever its errand was complete, the inhabiting spirit would release itself by the simplest heavenward volition.

Dr. Channing's delivery is not at all oratorical or passionate. It may have been so in the earlier days of his ministry, for he is naturally of a kindling and enthusiastic temperament, and it is a source of natural wonder to those who hear him after having read his fervent composition, that he should yield so little to the sway of feeling. His manner is earnest and absorbed, but, unless excited by a favorite or opposed opinion, perfectly unimpassioned. You may not doubt for a moment that the whole truth of his soul is breathing on his lips, but he seems to you under the influence of an inward power which is too holy for human excitement, and which chastens and subdues his whole spirit like a mighty spell. We know of nothing more strangely and deeply impressive than this almost unnatural suppression of enthusiasm. He is gifted by nature with a voice of singular depth and sweetness, which debility seems only to have made more low and musical, and with the calm serenity, nay, majesty of his manner, and the high order of his thoughts, it has sometimes seemed to us a very spirit-tone—the voice of a being without passions, breathed into utterance by the pure inspiration of truth. The vigorous beauty of his style is too well known and admired, to be more than alluded to, but a mere reader can have little idea of its effect when heard from the writer's own lips. His emphasis and cadence are very peculiar. His tones seem the most simple effort of articulation, but he has a way of lingering on what we can only express by calling it the *crisis* of a sentence, and of giving a depth and richness to the forcible word, which yield an exquisite satisfaction to the ear, not easily described. You sit and listen, as it might be, to music. The sense is, for the time, captive, and, if the melody in which it comes clothed does not wholly disguise the sentiment, it, at least, gives it a winning persuasion, most dangerous to the charmed judgment of the hearer. It can scarcely be conceived how well all this harmonizes with the character of the preacher's mind, and his mode of religious inculcation. His system is purely intellectual. It is one of his great points that the *Mind*, and that alone, is the seat of regeneration, and all his collateral opinions move in the same sublimated and glittering sphere. His illustrations too, are taken from the most pure and simple objects—childhood, nature, the relations of beauty and propriety. He seems to have no consciousness of the gross and the common in life. He has surrounded himself with the material suited to his taste, and he weaves from it his web of similitude, and clothes his coming thoughts in a drapery which commends them

powerfully to spirits like his own, though, in its beautiful simplicity, it may be less calculated than a coarser dress to arrest the eye of the undiscerning. There is nothing about him which does not thus add to the effect he desires to produce. The warm benevolence of his nature, breaking out constantly in his sermons like an irrepressible impulse—his severe standard of the Christian character—his own precarious tenure of life, and, with its increasing weakness, his increasing ardor in the support of his peculiar tenets—the remarkable elevation and breadth of his views upon other subjects, and, above all, his own high example in the practice of religion—these are circumstances, which, thrown as they always are into the scale of argument, plead powerfully with the wavering mind for the truth and heavenly origin of his opinions. We cannot picture to ourself a champion for a cause, more completely furnished for success. He *would* succeed, if Truth were not greater than Genius. He would, long ere this, have sown his native land, in all its extended breadth, with his opinions, had it been in human power to sow error, and give, itself, “the increase.” As it is, we know not who can hear him—listen to his lofty morality and see the gleam of his sublimed spirit through the frail body it inhabits—see him standing on the verge of eternity, where long sickness and a mind strong and thirsting after truth must almost have lifted the veil, and, with all the light it sheds upon him, still clinging to his belief—we say we know not who can subject himself to all this, and not doubt his own senses, if he has not so read his Bible. For our own part, false and delusive as, in our humble judgement, we must believe his doctrines to be, we never listen to the silvery tones of his voice, pleading eloquently against what we have been taught, and do believe, the truth, without a sinking of the heart, a shadow of misgiving in our trust which nothing but the radiant light of revelation could ever lift away.

We should like to say something of the character of Dr. Channing's Mind, but we are not adequate to the analysis, and we feel that it would be presumption in us to pronounce upon it except in the most general terms. It was remarked of Milton by one speaking of the neglect he experienced from his age, that “he strode so far in advance of other men as to dwarf himself by the distance.” We would say of Dr. Channing, that he has strode so far in advance of humanity that he can turn and look, as from an eminence, upon the relative proportions of life, and judge truly of the relative magnitude of its objects. His essays on subjects not connected with his profession are probably the greatest efforts the Intellect of the time has produced. He has shown a broad, grasping, universal power, which has marked him for the admiration of both hemispheres. Whatever he approaches, singularly enough, be it the delicate spirit of Poetry, or the giant Demon of Glory, he holds the lamp of truth to it with an

infallible closeness, and the beauties of the one and the deformities of the other shine out, equally, with a new and transparent distinctness. It is rarely in these days that a man can put away the blinding mist from his eyes and measure at a glance the objects which time and interest so cover with misapprehension and falsehood. It needs an abstraction from the dizziness of life---a lift above the tumult and din of the busy and sympathizing world, which only a gigantic Mind, tempered by purity and study to its best strength, can attain. We have little hesitation in saying that the eminent man of whom we have perhaps too freely spoken, is thus gifted and disciplined. In looking off upon the world from his elevated path, many things have met his eye in the wide view, of which, though they came not within the sphere of his own desire, others, less loftily placed than himself, would gladly know the magnitude. Without halting on his way, he has glanced around and measured their proportions, and, in the true spirit of the man in the parable who improved his ten talents, he has imparted the result to his fellow men. We owe him deeply for the gift. Without it we should not have forgotten him, for the benevolence and fervor with which he has "borne his faculties," in the sacred office, have graven his name in the best affections of many a bosom. But as the Scholar and the Philosopher of a land hitherto taunted with its poverty of genius, the name of Channing will be writ in illuminated letters on our page in history, and read with gladness and admiration by those who come after us.

NIGHT.

"Darkness has much divinity for me."

Night! vast and vaulted Night!
Alone to sit star-roofed within thy hall—
How strong the sinews of the thought's free flight,—
Ranging o'er all.

Tongues on the viewless air
Chaunt low and near of gifts that wait the blest;
And in "the balance" weigh this world of care
With worlds at rest.

Night! chaste and hallowed Night!
The ardent sun is quenched; Earth sleeps; that spheres
More pure, unveiled, may tremble on the sight
With vestal fears.

Pale Dian, with her slow
Platonic step, deserts yon cloud-wrought throne,
To stroll, like Manfred, 'mid piled Alps of snow,
Thoughtful and lone:

Hearts own, and seas obey
Her silent rule—her sceptre's touch compels
Old Ocean's pulse, and heaves the bosom's play
To broader swells.

The mock destroyer, Sleep,
Hath spread her mimic death: with lip compressed,
And tip-toe, Silence becks earth, air and deep,
To take their rest.

The hills, by night!—go fling
Thy thoughts from them, yon starry waste to search;
And feel them come, anon, with weary wing,
Seeking their perch;—

The rills!—how shrill and clear—
Upon the hollow air and rocks among,
Chaunting a moral where there's none to hear—
Their voice is flung.

The sea, by night!—a sky,
When Heaven doth deign to see her image dwell
On earth again; anon, lashed up on high,
An imaged hell.

The sky, by night! a sea
Down, down along whose crystal depths rich worlds
Are strown,—th' insignia of God's majesty—
His ocean-pears.

Z.

New Haven, Dec. 28, 1829.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

A GOOD Talisman against the soul Fiend is a Scrap-book. When your mind is unnerved—when a grave book is too studious an employment, and a trifling one out of tune with your temper, nothing fits the gap like a book written out by your own hand from your own choice reading. One reason is, that, having it half by heart, it is no effort to read, and another, that its essential beauty (so, to your taste, at least,) has that degree of exquisiteness which fancy, like a jaded palate, fastidiously requires. I am particularly partial, at such times, to the old dramatists. There is a pointedness, and a bold relief about their plays, which make them most winning to a careless eye. The moment you glance upon the passage, you catch the drift. They do not fold up their meaning, like modern writers, in a drapery of tricksy language and metaphorical reasonings. When they had a character to draw, it was done from the living subject, in true colors. It was a copy of the thing. A beggar was a beggar, and his misery was a beggar's misery. "A

poor man, on a modern stage," says a fine critic, "is always a gentleman. He may be known by a peculiar neatness of apparel, and by wearing black." They did not shrink in Shakspeare's time, from a frieze jerkin and "broken victuals," and the test of skill was rather which was the most like, than which disguised the unseemly points of the thing most skilfully. In our day, the sympathy of readers is all demanded on abstract and sublimated passions. The hearts of the Lover and Murderer are pried into to get at the remote associations, the incidental feelings, the preparatory steps of passion. The direct, main language and conduct of the actor—such as we should see and hear if it were real—are too plain, too evident for the spirit of the time. You do not want to know what the lover says to his mistress, or how his passion grew—but how nature appeared to his eye when he was hoping or despairing, and what his thoughts were like, and how he analyzes them. You would rather know whether the sword of Horatio passed unselt through the Ghost in Hamlet, than hear the tale he came to tell of his murder in the orchard. Ariel were a more amusing spirit if he could tell the texture of his wings. You would be obliged to Puck for the class of the flower whose juices changed the fancy of Titania.

The subjects of the old writers, too, were infinitely stronger, and deeper, and more real than ours. We dare not paint an every-day human passion. Our heroes are dark, mysterious men—Laras, and Mansreds, and Conrads—not *real* pirates and desperadoes. They are described as possessed of supernatural qualities—dealers in witchcraft—men of a strange fascination of eye, or unearthly voices. A rough, uneducated, bad-hearted man, thinking and acting in character, would stamp the modern delineator as vulgar. There is no *real* miser—no *real* spendthrift—no *real* woman drawn now-a-days. How powerfully the very *plot*, without a word of the *poetry*, of some of the old plays, strikes upon the fancy. The Duchess of Malfy, for instance, going at midnight to the bed of the Duke's favorite, whom she loved, and waking him to tell him that she was in his power—but would kill herself if he abused his advantage. The Princess Calantha, receiving the news of her father's death, of her sister starved, and her lover murdered, by one messenger after another during a nuptial celebration, and still bearing up with "To the other change! Strike up more music;" and when her duty is done, calmly appointing her kingdom, that she may let her heart break, and die, without leaving it in disorder. Sir Giles Overreach, amassing gold, wronging the innocent, defrauding widows, damning himself in Heaven's and good men's opinions to have his daughter called "right honorable"—Chabot, Admiral of France, falling into a mortal sickness at being accused, wrongfully, of treason—Gio-

vanni, overpowered by his passion for his sister, and murdering her to save her honor. How different these from modern subjects! How much more calculated to develope the depths of the heart, and task the poet's power!

The same passion, in modern times, is another thing from its ancient likeness. The thirst for wealth, mere and absolute money, without enjoyment save in keeping and counting it, has become abundantly and unpoetically modified. The old fashioned miser loved gold, as the gallant of his times loved women. He gloated over it, and spent days in counting and gazing on it. Charles Lamb very aptly says:—"The substitution of a thin, unsatisfying medium, for the good old tangible gold, has made Avarice quite a Platonic affection in comparison with the seeing, touching and handling pleasures of the old Chrysophilites. A bank note can no more satisfy the touch of a true sensualist in this passion, than Creusa could return the embrace of her husband in the shades." In a Spanish novel, called the Rogue, Guzman, one of the characters, talks in raptures of "the ruddy cheeks of your golden Ruddocks, your Spanish Pistolets, your plump and full-faced Portuguese, and your clear-skinned pieces of eight of Castile," which he and his fellow-beggars kept secret to themselves, and did "privily enjoy in a plentiful manner." "For to have them, for to pay them away," says he, "is not to enjoy them; to enjoy them is to have them lying by us, having no other need of them than to use them for the clearing of the eye-sight and the comforting of our senses." Jaques, in Ben Jonson's comedy of "The Case is Altered," thus mumbles over his treasure:—

'Tis not to be told
What servile villanies men will do for gold.
O it began to have a huge strong smell,
With lying so long together in a place.
I'll give it vent, it shall have shift enough;
And if the devil, that envies all goodness,
Have told them of my gold, and where I kept it,
I'll set his burning nose once more a-work,
To smell where I remov'd it. Here it is.
In! my dear life—sleep sweetly, my dear child!
Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
And that's enough. Rot all hands that come near thee,
Except mine own. All thoughts of thee be poison
To their enamor'd hearts, except mine own.
I'll take no leave, sweet prince, great emperor,
But see thee every minute: King of kings,
I'll not be rude to thee, and turn my back
In going from thee, but go backward out,
With my face toward thee, with humble courtesies."

There is one difference in modern poetry, however, which we think for the better. The passion of Love in most of the old poets

was unaccountably gross and sensual. Intellectual love, apart from the pleasures of sense, seems to have been almost unknown to them. Beaumont and Fletcher, even, the courtliest and sweetest painters of female character, many and beautiful as the graces of their portraits were, are polluted for all modern readers by this vein of impurity. It extends, singularly enough, to every other branch of dramatic character. Similitudes, expressing more of such things than should ever meet the ear, are put into the mouths of every speaker upon almost every subject, and you cannot turn over a page of many of the most admired of the old plays, without fearing lest the pure eye of a young brother or sister should detect it in a chance perusal.

One of the plays most free from this vice, and at the same time one of the most beautiful I remember, is the "Broken Heart," by John Ford. I have two or three of the scenes here in my Scrap-Book, which I often read for their extreme sweetness. The first is a conversation between Ithocles, an ambitious lover of the princess of Sparta, and Penthea, his sister, her attendant. He is persuading her to plead for him with the princess, though he had cruelly made her miserable by forcing her into a match with Bassanes, when she loved another, to whom her dead father had betrothed her.

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me, nearer yet ;
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
At distance, like two strangers. I could wish,
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled
Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy :
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance ;
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel ; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust ;
For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee : first let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it ; may the heat be cherished
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible.

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother.

Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass,
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages,
The untroubled of country toil, drinks streams,

With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure; while I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The laborer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lies him down to sleep;
While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me;
Rid me from living with a jealous husband,
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister—

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous: Thou shalt stand
A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles crown'd with myrtle, if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure lend
One finger but to ease it.

Pen. O no more.

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Ith. Friendship, or nearness
Of birth, to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd that question: as a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure ye,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name—'tis—'tis—I dare not—

Pen. All your respects are forg'd.

Ith. They are not.—Peace.—
Calantha is the Princess, the king's daughter,
Sole heir of Sparta. Me most miserable,
Do I now love thee? For my injuries,
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears. Do; Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the Prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story:
I sweat in blood for't.

Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide.
Have comfort; you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea, mine.

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention for an active strain.

What rich invention is shown in these simple circumstances. This is but one scene, however. There follows another of great beauty, in which Penthea, who is starving herself for grief at the situation her brother's cruelty has brought her to, bequeaths him as a dying bequest to the princess. She has requested an interview with her, and when they are alone, she breaks her brother's passion to her, in what Calantha (the princess) truly calls "a pretty earnest." This is a part of it.

Pen. My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down ; the sands are spent ;
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying :

Cal. To what end
Reach all these moral texts ?

Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein ye may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause ; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have a humble suit.

Cal. Speak, and enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix
When I am dead : for sure I must not live ;
I hope, I cannot.

Cal. Now beshrew thy sadness.
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion : then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd ; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee ;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth ; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that ?

Pen. To virgin wives ; such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage.
May those be ever young.

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with ?

Pen. 'Tis my fame : I trust
By scandal yet untouched : this I bequeath
To memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
That gift as I intend it.

Cai. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago since first I lost my heart;
Long I have liv'd without it: but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Penthea is successful, and Calantha contracts herself to Ithocles. She is afterwards celebrating the nuptials of Prophilus and Euphranea at court, when, in the midst of the music and dancing, one enters to inform her that her father is dead; a second brings the news that Penthea is starved; and a third follows to tell her that Ithocles is murdered. We cannot forbear extracting the whole scene.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher; wherein, I conceive,
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome; Armestes
Is with the King.

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance:

[To Nearchus.] Dear cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom
must be
Intrusted to my courtship: be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.
Fall to our dance.

They Dance the first Change, during which Armestes enters.

Arm. The King your Father's dead.

Cal. To the other change!

Arm. Is't possible?

They Dance again: Bassanes enters.

Bass. O Madam,
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee.—

Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They Dance again: Orgilus enters.

Org. Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly:
Our footings are not active like our hearts,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunder-struck.

They Dance the last Change: The Music ceases.

Cal. So, let us breathe awhile: hath not this motion
Rais'd fresher color on your cheeks? (To Nearchus.)

Near. Sweet Princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully :
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any, who prefers our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, Lady.

Cal. Yes, yes ; some hollow voice deliver'd to me
How that the King was dead.

Arm. The King is dead :
That fatal news was mine ; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeath'd you
Your Mother's wedding-ring, which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange.

Cal. Peace crown his ashes : we are Queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha, Sparta's sovereign Queen.

All. Long live the Queen.

Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes ?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starved to death.

Cal. She's happy ; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierc'd mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles

Was murder'd

Cal. By whose hand ?

Org. By mine : this weapon
Was instrument in my revenge. The reasons
Are just and known. Quit him of these, and then
Never liv'd gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of Justice : thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence ;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excus'd : give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son ; Euphranea, take a farewell ;
And both begone.

(*To Orgilus.*) Bloody relater of thy stains in blood ;
For thou hast reported him (whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him)
With honorable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best ; there's all our bounty.
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you, and these lords see execution
Instant, before ye part.

Near. You will command us.

Org. One suit, just Queen ; my last. Vouchsafe your clemency.
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms,
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference. Those that are dead,
Are dead ; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature
One time or other. Use despatch, my lords.—
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation. [Exit.]

Arm. Tis strange these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit.

The Coronation of the Princess takes place after the execution of Orgilus.—She enters the Temple, dressed in White, having a Crown on her Head. She kneels at the Altar. The dead Body of Ithocles (whom she should have married) is borne on a Hearse, in rich Robes, having a Crown on his Head; and placed by the side of the Altar, where she kneels. Her devotions ended, she rises.—

Cal. Our orisons are heard, the gods are merciful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties, or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin;
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition.
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike, and inured to practice
Of policy and labor, cannot brook
A feminate authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In chusing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal Lady,
Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet if your Highness settle on a choice
By your own judgement both allow'd and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power and proceed
To an increasing height.

Cal. Cousin of Argos!

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently
To chuse you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous Lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds: then in Argos
Armostes might be a vice-roy; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes
Be Sparta's marshall:
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Lemophil with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your chamber.
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus;
She'll prove a constant wife: and Philema
Should into Vesta's Temple.

Bass. This is a testament;
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus,
He should be (cousin) solemnly invested
In all those honors, titles, and preferments,
Which his dear friend and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoy'd.

Prop. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent Lady.

Near. Madam, what means that word, neglected husband?

Cal. Forgive me: Now I turn to thee, thou shadow

(*To the dead Body of Ithocles.*)
Of my contracted Lord: bear witness all,

I put my mother's wedding ring upon
 His finger ; 'twas my father's last bequest :
 Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am ;
 Death shall not separate us. O my lords,
 I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,
 When one news straight came huddling on another,
 Of death, and death, and death, still I danc'd forward ;
 But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
 Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries
 Can vow a present end to all their sorrows ;
 Yet live to vow new pleasures, and out-live them.
 They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings ;
 Let me die smiling.

Near. Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal One kiss on these cold lids ; my last. Crack, crack.
 Argos now's Sparta's King. (Dies.)

What an extraordinary imagination must have been Ford's, to have conceived character like this. In the whole range of dramatic reading, we remember nothing equal to the intenseness of Calantha's constancy and greatness of soul. How fine must be the temper of that spirit which could bear, unbroken, successive strokes like these, given in the unprepared hour of mirth. And yet—notice the arch skill of the poet. He has not made her *quite* perfect—he was careful that her character should still keep within the reach of our sympathy—for, with a master-stroke, he shows the energy of the struggle in a single exclamation—"How dull this music sounds !—Strike up more sprightly."

I have one more extract, somewhat long, in my book, which strikes me as possessing uncommon beauty. It is from Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, a play abounding with fine passages, but blotted by the vicious propensity to which I have alluded. The character of Cloe is enough to bar the whole play to any modest eye. Clorin is a shepherdess, who has vowed constancy to the memory of her dead lover, and has acquired, by her purity, and seclusion, the favor and gifts of the sylvan deities. Thenot, a shepherd, is inspired by a passion for her, arising from his admiration of her constancy.

Clor. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place ?
 No way is trodden ; all the verdant grass
 The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
 Of any foot, only the dappled deer
 Far from the feared sound of crooked horn
 Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
 I have not wand'red, or by strong illusion
 Into this virtuous place have made intrusion :
 But hither am I come (believe me, fair,)
 To seek you out, of whose great good the air
 Is full, and strongly labors, whilst the sound
 Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
 The amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
 Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease, or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part imposthumed, to be cured by art,
This body holds, and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin.

Clor. Then, Shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief; that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not show his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know I love you.

Clor. Swain, no more,
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacriligious, foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clor. Darest thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with praise appease his ghost below;
That else would tell thee, what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder: not the smile,
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long
With veins enamel'd richly, nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair, wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand'ring soul; nor the true perfect mold
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But whilst this honor'd strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free,
Even in the arm of danger.

Clor. Would'st thou have
Me raise again (fond man) from silent grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried here
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant.
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he lov'd ye ; and be still
The same, opinion speaks ye ; let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again ; do not invite
Desire and Fancy from their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing smile.
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery ; if ye yield, I die
To all affection : 'tis that loyalty.
Ye tie unto this grave, I so admire ;
And yet there's something else I would desire
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
O Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes ! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clor. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease.—

(*The God of the River rises with Amoret in his arms, whom the sullen Shepherd has flung wounded into his spring.*)

River God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I, their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks ?
My fishes shoot into the banks,
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fal'n into my river head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure.
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watry locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.
See she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid ;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power

Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
River God. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Ah me!
River God. Fear not him that succor'd thee,
I am this fountain's god; below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out;
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I.
I will give thee for thy food,
No fish that useth in the mud,
But trout and pike that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen.
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand,
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing
Sweeter than the silver spring.

The Song.

*Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the rivers sweet:
Think not leach, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wadest in, make thee cry
And sob, but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.*

Amo. Immortal power, that rulest this holy flood;
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a god: for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

River God. May he prove to thee as true.
Fairest virgin, now adieu,
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,

And beasts that come unto the spring
 Miss their morning's watering :
 Which I would not, for of late
 All the neighbor people sate
 On my banks, and from the fold
 Two white lambs of three weeks old
 Offer'd to my deity :
 For which this year they shall be free
 From raging floods, that as they pass
 Leave their gravel in the grass :
 Nor shall their meads be overflown,
 When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
 Never from thy banks be blown
 Any tree, with windy force,
 Cross thy streams to stop thy course :
 May no beast that comes to drink,
 With his horns cast down thy brink ;
 May none that for thy fish do look,
 Cut thy banks to damm thy brook :
 Bare-foot may no neighbor wade
 In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
 When the spawn on stones do lie,
 To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

River God. Thanks, virgin, I must down again,
 Thy wound will put thee to no pain :
 Wonder not so soon 'tis gone ;
 A holy hand was laid upon.

Charles Lamb says of these scenes, that they are fit to compare with Comus and the Arcadia. This is high praise, but we suspect it will not be disputed, at least, by those who are familiar with the elegance and richness of Fletcher's style. The female characters of the plays written by himself and his courtly partner, Beaumont, have a high bred beauty and delicacy, which are found nowhere else, except in Shakspeare. It is one of the most singular of the many wonders in Shakspeare's history, that, barred as he was from all familiar intercourse with refined women, he should have excelled, in the drawing of female character, these gentlemen poets, who were elegant courtiers, with all the advantages of equality and intimacy.

We imagine, that the great difference, after all, between Shakspeare's time and ours, consists in *Invention*. It is a higher and more godlike quality of the mind than is consistent with the effeminate and refining spirit of our age. It requires close and patient thought, and that grasping breadth of imagination, which can take in the whole human heart, with its universe of feelings, at a glance, and sweep them, at once, into consistent form and beauty. We write a better style than the ancients—we condense more, we know more of the finishing pencil—but it is the superiority of the wren over the eagle—of flexibility and grace over power and majesty. Even Southey and Byron, who, as mere poets, have monopolized all the passionate power of the age—what are they to

Ford, and Kyd, and Marston, and, indeed, all the Shakspeare galaxy, for intensity and strength? The leading star of our time is yet to rise. We cannot conceive now of its magnitude, or its place—but it will come. The human heart is not exhausted of its depths, nor human life of variety and change. There is material enough, when the power to gather and mould it shall be found, and there is room enough in our unoccupied sky for a star's distinct and shining revolution. When it does appear, it will probably be unlike anything we now know, for the stamp of all that pretends to high poetry about us is that of perfection in its own style. He who would polish Moore, or out-mistify the metaphysical poets, need not despair of “adding perfume to the violet.”

AN ARTICLE IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ON THE REMOVAL
OF THE INDIANS.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM PENN.

We have placed the titles of these publications at the head of this paper, not because we shall attempt to re-state the arguments of the one, or to lay bare the sophistry of the other. Both are equally unnecessary. Those who will not be convinced by the plain reasoning of the latter, and are willing to be blinded by the false principles of the former, will neither be confirmed in the truth, nor persuaded to renounce their error, by any additional proofs which can be urged, nor by any clearer light which can be poured upon the subject. We believe, Mr. Editor, that on your part you will never suffer the supercilious advice of certain editorial critics to prevent your personal decisions in favor of truth and morality, or to influence you in rejecting from your journal any opinions, however wholesome, and however sternly opposed to some tenets of the present administration.

Of this nature are our opinions on the great question in regard to the removal of the Indians; and such too, we believe, are the opinions of all good and honest men in the country, who do not suffer the clear dictates of reason and conscience to be warped by the motives of personal avarice and party selfishness, or thwarted by the hard and crooked maxims of an irreligious, selfish, abominable state policy. We should think that we exposed ourselves to just ridicule, if we should waste even a moment's time in endeavoring to make manifest—what is absolutely incontrovertible,—the fearful importance of this question, or to prove—what is equally evident—on which side the balance of truth and rectitude lies. We have examined sufficiently for our own satisfaction, and all the world have had opportunity of

coming to a true and impartial decision by examining for themselves, and thus performing what is a moral duty, if ever any duty was moral and binding. On this point, benevolence, reason, justice, conscience, and the Word of God, speak a voice equally loud and plain ;—and the voice of prudence, liberal, expansive, enlightened, far-seeing prudence, the prudence of republics and of all human societies, never did and never can contradict it. The course, which our country ought to pursue in regard to this question, is so plain, that he who runs may read. It is written with equal clearness on the law of nations,—the law which binds society together, and keeps one half the world from preying like wolves and tigers on the other —and on the law of individual protection and benevolence. It is written alike on the law of justice and the law of mercy. It is written in the constitution of the human mind, and, with an impress more clear and burning than the sunbeams, by the Holy Spirit in the Law of God. It is written in the unsophisticated common sense of the whole world ; and if, contrary to such noon-day obligations, the government of this country should set a final seal of approbation on the deed of infernal cruelty, which not a few of those, to whom its destinies have been committed by the inscrutable wisdom of Jehovah, seem to be meditating, that common sense will speak out, in a universal thunder of reproach on the rapacity and perjury of this republic. The benevolence of all mankind will not be trampled upon in silence. We shall hear its indignant voice echoed and reiterated from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific ; and it will not die to the latest generation of our race. And far more to be deprecated, the sentence of the Almighty—the judgment of the Ruler of the universe—will go out against us, and a curse must follow in its train.

We are astonished to behold, in the North American Review, an article of sixty pages in length, devoted to the sole purpose, not of upholding a manly and humane policy, which it might so effectually have supported, but of justifying our Government in an act of the most unparalleled perfidy and bare injustice ; devoted to the purpose of obviating the powerful objections on the part of reason and humanity, of darkening the minds of unprejudiced and sober inquirers, and of arguing down the lofty obligations of national morality to a place below the never-to-be-satisfied demands of national selfishness. It attempts to stifle the voice of nature and justice, to set aside the law of nations and of God, by an imposing array of legal subtleties, by the entanglements and intricacies of sophistry, and by a frightful exhibition of the apparent difficulties, which, to a depraved moral vision, always stand up in the path of truth and justice. We are astonished, we say ; for we have always looked upon the character of its present Editor with sincere esteem for the moral courage and plainness, the

intellectual ability, and the unremitting industry, which mark it; and we did not expect that he would put even his tacit sanction on a violation of morality so manifest as this. The character likewise of the reputed author of that article is such as might have secured his suffrage at least, if not his powerful alliance and defence, for the cause of the oppressed and the degraded, or, in the abstract, the cause of virtue and honor and religion. When we look back also to the past numbers of that work, and compare the present article with those eloquent ones, which at no great distance of time have added to its reputation both for intellect and moral worth, and have deeply enlisted the sympathies of all hearts for the wretched and decaying remains of our once numerous and powerful, and comparatively virtuous and happy Aborigines, we regard the melancholy contrast, which it exhibits in sentiment and doctrine, with feelings both of sorrow and indignation. We mourn that such an index of the perverted state of moral feeling in our country should go forth through the world, to which we are so continually boasting of our perfect liberty, equality, and nobleness of character; we mourn for the new occasion it will give to the friends of regal and despotic authority, to ridicule the gratitude and the honor of republics.

But we cannot express our indignation at the nature of the argument by which it attempts to establish the propriety and even necessity of so glaring an exception to the obligations of morality and law; by which it attempts wholly to undervalue and set aside those obligations, and to substitute, instead of such as are eternal, indestructible and self-evident, the narrow, paltry maxims of all-grasping selfishness;—the maxims of a state policy, which is criminal, because it does not recognize at once, and without appeal, the supreme authority of the Law of God, and short-sighted, because it imagines, with the contractedness of view universally peculiar to what is wicked and selfish in design, that any true and lasting interest of any nation can ever be subserved by any means, on which are stamped the evident characters of crime, and to which the Creator of the Universe has affixed an everlasting curse. No real good, national or individual, can ever be procured through the instrumentality of motives or exertions which are selfish, fraudulent, and cruel. It may appear such at the time, for the moral vision is totally perverted, and reason is darkened by the ignorance of guilt; but in the light of eternity, and often in the unerring wisdom of a very short and bitter experience, it will be looked upon with agonizing remorse of conscience, and avoided with shudderings of horror. At the last it will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder. Turn to the pages of History, and you will find a thousand records of this truth, in the dreadful tyranny, the short splendor, and the long and frightful desolations of misery, which have followed each other in the career of guilty nations and individ-

als. Were the prospect ever so dark before us in the path of rectitude as to this question, we never would believe that God has made a world, in which the course of honorable justice leads to detriment, while that of crooked, deceitful, and cruel policy leads on to gain. We know it is not so. We know there is an eternal, indissoluble connection between national virtue and national prosperity ; as there is a connection, equally indissoluble, and terribly certain, between national crime and national misery.

But how long shall it be that a Christian people—freer than any other people, and more favored of God than any other nation on the earth, in an age too of such general civilization and intellectual refinement,—shall stand balancing the considerations of profit and loss on a great national question of justice and benevolence? How long shall it be that when the path of rectitude lies plain before us, we shall stop to deliberate whether our cursed avarice may not better be gratified by stepping over the stile, and rushing forward in the path of guilt? How long shall we remain a spectacle of mortification to all good beings in the universe of God? How long before we shall learn first of all to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with him, and let the considerations of national selfishness at least come up afterwards, if we cannot bring ourselves wholly to annihilate them? How long shall the world wait before it is permitted to behold the glorious spectacle of a great nation, in a great crisis, trampling under foot all thought of every thing but duty, and stepping forth, nobly, decidedly, sternly, in the path traced out by the hand of justice and the thoughts of mercy?

It makes us indignant to see how a statesman of no mean powers of intellect can pervert his ingenuity to make the worse appear the better reason ; to make it appear that the only course left for us to pursue is one, which will most inevitably involve us in the crimes of perjury and cruelty. But let us not be schooled in the way of our interest by the lessons of the mere politician. Let us be cautious how we darken the map of our political course by the blots of our own invention, or refuse to be guided by the great beacon of national as well as individual prosperity,—by the light of religion. In this case as in every other, we may rest assured in the confidence that a nation's duty is its path to glory and happiness ; and the duty of our whole nation is never doubtful. Here it is so evident that even they who would violate it, dare not plainly contradict it, but attempt to escape from it by perplexing the conscience with the intricacies of apparently clashing and opposing duties, and by deceiving the mind with the phantoms of general expedience and necessity.

We have no doubt that our remarks upon the article in the North American Review will appear extremely false and exaggerated to all who have read only on that side the question which that article

aims to support. They will wonder what there is in that temperate paper to excite any but an inhabitant of Bedlam to such an outcry of violated justice and humanity as we have been making. They will declare that we have written under the influence of a distempered imagination ; and that we are mad enthusiasts on a question which we cannot understand, because we are determined to put the authority of the Bible above that of Vattel, and to impose silence on the demands of avarice, while the voice of God is speaking within us by the dictates of our reason and of conscience. By such persons we are well content to be so esteemed ; knowing that, from the days of St. Paul downwards, mankind have been ready to brand all with the epithet of madmen, who speak forth the words of truth and soberness to bosoms agitated with passion, and beclouded by the selfishness of a worldly policy.

Such persons will see nothing but benevolence in the spirit, justice in the principles, and truth in the assertions of that article, and will probably arise from its perusal with minds deeply convinced of its reasonableness, and more than ever in the power of that abominable sophistry of expediency and state necessity, which has sometimes darkened the understandings of the wisest of men. The article is indeed most plausible in its character ; and it is this which makes us grieve for the influence it will probably exert. It is written with all the beauty of style which characterizes the productions of its author, and in that spirit of cold and temperate caution, with which all Machiavellian schemes of policy, from time immemorial, have been broached. Whatever the writer may think of his own disposition, and we doubt not he supposes he is at least doing his *country* service, it is manifest that he does not feel as he ought for the welfare of those, on whose destiny he is exerting perhaps a most powerful influence. His mind gives way, like that of multitudes of others, to the false faith that the Indians never can be civilized ; and his habits of weighing too often, and too exclusively, the good and the happiness which might accrue to the nation, if these stumbling blocks were out of the way, makes him write of them as if they were neither human, nor endowed with the rights nor the capabilities, which their more fortunate neighbors possess ; to be treated, indeed, like so many stubborn animals, and to be sacrificed without scruple, whenever the interests of the whole United States seem to require it. Those who differ from him, and strongly maintain the part of full justice, he treats as men indeed of a misguided enthusiastic benevolence, but with little understanding, and no practical experience in these matters.

If some of the principles developed in this article were exhibited in their naked and abstract distortion, we hesitate not to say, however specious the form, they are here made to assume, that all

honest men would call them infernal. They are no other than the maxim that *power makes right*, and that we may lawfully *do evil that good may come*.

The maxim that power makes right is the one, on which every conquering nation has proceeded from the time of Romulus "before and after." It is the force of this maxim only, which gave to the Spaniards, who first discovered this country, an exclusive command, (in the justice of which this writer seems perfectly to agree) over the territory and even the lives of its native possessors. It is the same maxim, which kept the English so long in the undisputed enjoyment of an *abstract right* to enslave and torture the natives of Africa.

The maxim that evident right must yield to expediency is also as ancient as the combination of human depravity, with superiority in one individual or nation over another. "We have long passed the period of abstract right," says this writer. "Political questions are complicated in their relations, involving considerations of expediency and authority, as well as of natural justice." We object not to what is contained in these sentences, so far as it relates to those abstract rights, the permission and prevalence of which would disorganize the whole constitution of human society, and throw us back into a state of murderous anarchy, worse than the wildness of the brutes. These are *theoretical rights*, such as were contended for in the most terrible period of the French Revolution, such as God never gave to men in communities, and such as each man surrenders when he enters into the social compact. We deny that the rights which belong to the Indians, and of which wicked men are endeavoring to defraud them, partake of this character in the slightest degree. They are not *abstract rights*; they are stronger and more evident than any abstract right can be; they are written and acknowledged in almost every treaty, which our government has been called to make with these tribes. The attempt to reason them away by the complicated "considerations of expediency and authority" is an attempt of gross cruelty and injustice. What renders it still worse is the truth that these considerations are altogether imaginary; and that the difficulties, which have occasioned such a summary and most comprehensive definition of impossible abstract rights, as would include all that is worth possessing by any community of human beings, are accumulated solely by the spirit of proud and selfish extortion. They are such, moreover, as would return with a tenfold perplexity and power at that distant period, with which the writer of this article most complacently declares we have no business to trouble ourselves in the present decision of the question. We refer our readers to the plain statements and reasonings of William Penn, for a most thorough exposition of the real falsehood and immorality of such arguments and principles as this article contains. We warn them not to give them-

selves up to the power of its polite and plausible and apparently humane sophistry, till they have examined this question carefully in all its possible aspects, and in the clear light of our religious obligations.

We think we can see, in the agitation of this question, a crisis of greater importance to this whole country—(not to the Indians alone ; that, though it be the business of humanity to weigh it even in the hair's estimation, is perhaps the least part of the matter)—than any other era has presented since the first moment of our national existence. We will go farther, and affirm without fear of being contradicted by those who have been accustomed to watch the progress of the world, and how God administers the affairs of this portion of his universe, that it is a crisis of greater moment, and on which hang greater consequences, than any event, which has transpired since the May Flower landed its first adventurers on the shores of this continent ;—a continent then occupied through its whole extent by that numerous people, concerning the fate of whose last remaining descendants, we, in our national capacity, are to legislate and decide. It is so, *because it far more deeply involves our moral and religious character, by bringing us, in that capacity, to the very eve of the commission of a great and dreadful crime.* Perhaps it is one of those awful occasions, on which Jehovah resolves to try, by a high and solemn trust, the true character of those kingdoms whom he has loaded with his benefits ; and from whom he requires an eminence of goodness, and a readiness of grateful obedience to his commands, and a jealous acknowledgement and support of the supreme authority of his laws, in some measure proportionate to the greatness and peculiarity of the blessings he has conferred.

The agitation of this question is not like that of admitting the independence of the Greeks, in which no decision could affect any great principle of evangelical morality or national law. It is not like that of the abolition of the slave-trade, in which the wrong alternative was that of continuing, to a somewhat longer period, the commission of a crime with which a nation had been stained for centuries. It is not like that of the declaration of independence, where, in any alternative, the moral character of the people would have remained spotless. It is a question whether we shall *now contaminate ourselves*, in addition to all our other guilt, with a new and awful crime ;—new, in proportion to the singularity of the circumstances, (unexampled in the history of the world) in which Providence has placed us in regard to the Indians ;—and awful, in proportion to the civil and religious privileges which we enjoy, and the means of knowing our duty in the light, which the universal spread of the Gospel has poured so abundantly upon us. Judging from these circumstances, a sin committed by us, whatever be its nature, must make us incalculably more

guilty, than it could have made almost any other nation, which has ever existed. And here we are, on the very eve of deciding the question, whether we shall plunge ourselves into such guilt, and yet we are sitting apparently in the apathy of the sleep of death.

We repeat it. There is an awful, and a deeply criminal apathy, in which the public mind of our whole country is slumbering on this momentous subject. The public feeling has never yet been roused by any of those strong representations and appeals, which the case would justify, and which the crisis imperiously demands. It is a proof how callous the heart of our nation has become to everything but the stimulus of vanity, and selfishness, and pride, that even in New England, whose inhabitants are apt to be foremost on every occasion, where the interests of religion and of patriotism are at stake, the indifference of which we speak is profound. We are apparently at too great a distance from the place where this tragedy threatens to be acted, to experience a very awakening impulse of excitement for those who are to be its victims. Distance in space lessens the power of sympathy, and deadens our sensibilities for the sufferings of the oppressed. We have heard of thousands murdered, or enslaved for life, and tortured by task-masters, in a distant land, with far less emotion than that with which we should witness a single blow, causelessly inflicted on a stranger within our gates. But the danger is none the less alarming, because it is not at our very doors; the sufferings of the Indians will be none the less acute, and the injustice inflicted upon them none the less atrocious, and the consequences to our country none the less certain and terrible, because those sufferings may not be witnessed by us, or because we cannot be present on the spot, to have our souls harrowed with the effect of that injustice, or because those consequences look small and chimerical in the distance.

The Christian public especially have been criminal in their neglect of this great subject. It belonged to them to have been long since watching, with a vigilance which could not be lulled into security, the most distant approach of an event like that, which now threatens so soon to be accomplished. It belonged to them to detect the precursors of the storm, and give warning of its progress in the distant horizon, while yet the sky above was unspotted with a cloud. It was their part to have calculated and foretold the effect of the passions of mankind, with whose power they are so well acquainted, and to have made provision against their terrible results.

But while even distant nations have been investigating this subject with the most evident interest, we ourselves, on whom its consequences are to fall, are found sleeping,—even while there may be heard around us the portentous noise and movement, which precedes the quick shock of an earthquake.

The letters of Penn, indeed, have issued from among us ; and they are an honorable testimony to the vigilance and ability of that man's individual mind, to the correctness of his own moral feelings, and to the living and energetic piety of the circle in which he moves. But what else has been done ? Has this subject sufficiently arrested the notice of private Christians ; and what report would each man's conscience command him to make, if he were asked to say how often its remembrance has gone with him to his closet, and how fervently his prayers have ascended to the God of nations, for that interposition, without which the most vigorous and timely efforts are of no avail. We often think, on every occasion like this, of Cowper's most beautiful and affecting description of the man of humble and retired piety. The truth it contains is as sublime and real, as its poetry is exquisite.

Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird,
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer,—None.
His warfare is within ; there unfatigued
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never withering wreaths, compared with which,
The laurels, that a Cæsar reaps, are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty World,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. *Perhaps she owes*
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.

And have the feelings of clergymen been sufficiently awake, or their conduct sufficiently active, in regard to this subject ? Have they given it its due place in their public devotions ? We should be the last to put our sanction to that medley of politics and religion, with which, at no distant interval, the irritable passions of an audience were regaled and fostered from the pulpit. We would totally expel from its precincts every thing, to which that title could possibly be annexed ; and no sound should be heard from that sacred place, but the voice of mercy, and the word of God. But to the christian mind this subject is not a political one. Its worldly aspect is lost, its political connexions are annihilated, in the all absorbing importance of its character in the light of religion, and its influence on the vital interests of humanity ; in the remembrance too, that its

bearings may be traced, even till they are lost in eternity. We cannot but think, therefore, that it is the duty of every minister of the gospel, so far as may be in his power, to make known to his people the truth of this question, and to enlist their strongest sympathies in the cause of justice, and for the sake of the oppressed. What other resource indeed, remains for us? The time of decision is at hand. Our most energetic movements, thus tardily delayed, may come too late to be of any avail. At any rate, nothing can save us unless the public mind be universally aroused from its lethargy, and an appeal made, so loud, simultaneous, and decisive, as shall astonish the world at the power of moral feeling in the heart of this country, and cause the most inveterate and bold supporters of national iniquity to tremble.

An unjust decision in regard to the fate of the Indian tribes, who are so unhappily in our power, to us would almost seem the death-warrant to the liberties of our republic. We could no longer put faith in the boasted stability of institutions, excellent though they be, which depend so eminently upon a holy state of public morality, should we see so tremendous a proof that the freedom and the religion of this people is rotten at its core. We should then no longer believe, what we cannot bring ourselves, in the cold spirit of political economists, to regard as the idle dream of poetry, that this is the last and the endurable resort of suffering humanity and persecuted piety. We should look for yet another downfall of the liberties of the world, and yet another victory of the powers of darkness, before the glorious predictions, which we hope are fast hastening to their accomplishment, could be finally fulfilled. We should look for a speedy infliction of the vengeance of Jehovah, as signal upon us, as it was upon his ancient covenant and rebellious people. His mercies to us have been incalculably greater, and should we fail to redeem the responsibilities which rest upon us, why dare we hope to be made an exception to the laws of his retributive providence? Why should not we also look to become a proverb and a by word among the nations?

Let us remember what hopes we are blasting in the bud. Let us reflect that the first fair trial of the possibility of bringing an Indian tribe into the full perfection of civilization, and under the full influence of the redeeming power of Christianity, is here fast and auspiciously advancing to its completion. It would seem as if Almighty Providence, in scorn of the daring blasphemers, who assert that any of the human beings he has made, are irretrievably beyond the regenerating energy of the Gospel of his Son, and forever out of the pale of civil and social improvement, has reserved this solitary tribe of the forest, to tell such *philosophers* the supreme weakness of their complacent speculations. To tell the world that there are

none, however singularly ferocious, whom He cannot reclaim from their savage barbarity. That the simple religion of the cross of Jesus, only, can effect that mighty renovation, that new moral creation, which must be the invariable forerunner of social refinement, but to the accomplishment of which, all the wisdom and philosophy of all past ages is otherwise totally inadequate. And shall we now by our obstinate selfishness, reject this sublime experiment,—and with such rejection destroy the possibility of ever repeating it? Shall we now, when a whole people have emerged from their darkness, and are rapidly advancing to the possession of the glorious light² and hopes of Christianity, and to the enjoyment of the blessings of domestic life, shut them up to all future progress, and return them to their original barbarity? We have thoroughly instructed them in our vices—let us as at least point them to the Balm of Gilead, and not frown on them, while they seek the Physician there. Let us not drive them back into the wilderness, stripped of the comparatively innocent simplicity which once belonged to them, and infected with a moral pestilence, which they never would have felt but for us,—acquainted with crimes, which the ingenuity of refined life only could suggest, but not acquainted with the power of that salvation to which *we* resort, but which some among us dare to assert *they* are absolutely incapable of obtaining. After having made them drunk with the cup of our abominations, let us not refuse them a participation in our blessings. Neither let us compel them, as the miserable alternative from a removal beyond the Mississippi, to give themselves to the vulture-like protection of their neighbors—to the authority of laws, which practically assert that they are not human, by depriving them of the most precious rights and privileges of man in a social community. Shall we not rather, as some reparation for the incalculable injury we have done them, now perform the utmost in our power to promote their speedy acquisition of all the blessings which we hold dear; and even err on the side of too humane a benevolence, too profuse a generosity, too disinterested and self-denying a kindness.

We have deferred the consideration of this topic too long; so long, indeed, that it argues a carelessness in this country, in regard to the great interests of morality and religion, which is truly portentous. In England, the approach of a question almost exclusively mercantile and political in its nature, the question in regard to the propriety of removing the jurisdiction of the affairs of India from the hands of the East India Company, is watched by the whole nation, with the utmost anxiety, for years before it can possibly come into parliament; and the subject is kept in daily agitation, with as much vigor as if it were now on the eve of its final settlement. Its connexions and its consequences are examined, not in

the hurry of tumultuous anxiety, but with that calmness of deliberation, which is due to so important a measure ; and when it comes to be determined, it will be determined by men prepared for their duty, and under the full and wholesome influence of the decisive expression of an enlightened public opinion. But with us, a subject involving the infinitely higher considerations of national faith and morality, and the interests temporal, and perhaps eternal, of more than fifty thousand human beings, finds us, as a community, at the very moment in which it is to be made the subject of debate in our halls of legislation, in almost total ignorance of its true nature, and its real importance.

But this is not all. Propositions from our government, if not bearing on their very front the characters of manifest and reckless injustice, yet being in their nature such as any community on earth should blush to have originated within its limits, are listened to by us, not only with no manifestation of indignation, but not even with an expression of moderate astonishment at their cold inhumanity ; we hear them with as much indifference, as if we considered them matters of course, and unavoidably resulting from the nature of our free institutions. What is more alarming than this, is the truth, that, on the part of a great portion of this people, and on the part of some of the most enlightened, literary, and influential men in New England, such propositions are received with manifest approbation ; and with an additional sophistry of selfishness in their support, which might almost put Machiavelli's cool-blooded policy of craf-
tiness and cruelty to shame. If this does not show, notwithstanding all our labors for the spread of the gospel, and all our charities at home and abroad, and all our temperance, and all our wide phylacteries, and prayers in the corners of the streets, a deep-rooted moral insensibility, an alarming stupidity of feeling in regard to the cause of general justice and benevolence, whenever these duties clash, in the slightest apparent degree, with the motives of avarice or pride—then no language, and no conduct (which always speaks with a tensfold energy,) can ever indicate the moral character of any community in existence.

But this is not the only fact that makes us tremble for the cause of all that is holy in feeling and virtuous in conduct among us. There are many circumstances, which declare loudly that there is a sad infection of moral leprosy and plague in our system, and that, however it may be concealed for a time, and we remain self-deceived, beneath our external demonstrations of godliness ; or though it be seen to rage and fester only in secret places, or amidst the low and the degraded ; it will break out, unless there be an effectual and timely check put upon it, and sweep over our whole country with a mournful and desolating power. We do not hold such

language thoughtlessly, nor without restriction ; but we know that such must be the case in every country, and especially in ours, if there be not high, energetic, and unremitting exertion, on the part of all, who favor the cause of a fervent piety and a stern morality. The nature of our institutions is such, that this country may not unaptly be called a theatre, in which there is held out a free license for the exhibition of all varieties of wickedness, however radically destructive in their nature, which do not directly touch the worldly interests of men, or interfere with the ease and comfort of society. Many among us seem to think, that, in effecting the wholesome disunion of church and state, we have not gone far enough, but should take atheism into partnership, and for greater security against the encroachments of ecclesiastical power, base our republic firmly in the principles of infidelity. It becomes us to be up and doing, to be vigilant and prayerful. The energies of wickedness are of that irregularity, both in the times of its appearance, and the quantity of its power, upon which no calculation can be made, to which no limits can be set. None can deny that we have among us all the *elements* at least, of a most destructive moral, if not political commotion. It only needs an event of sufficient magnitude, and sufficient sharpness of collision with conflicting interests, to set them all in the most terrible combination.

Like all other countries, we have among us the infidel and the atheist ; but, unlike almost all others, we give them full toleration in the enjoyment of their *conscientious faith*. We have, too, the sensual and the debauched ; and there are those in whom the light of Deity and the spark of humanity seems hopelessly quenched, and its place forever occupied by the savage and lurid fires of the instinct of the brute. A woman, whose character is a disgrace to the name of female, has lectured among us to full meetings of blasphemers and deniers of their God ; an event which could not have existed, setting aside all actual prohibition, had the state of public feeling among us been pure in any eminent degree. We look only with emotions of vacant curiosity at such beings and their followers, while they set aside the authority of God's word, and offer to the passions of mankind a freedom from restraint, which is too alluring long to be resisted without deep religious principle. The sabbath continues to be violated ; and though individuals are still permitted to keep it as holy as they choose, yet any attempt to enforce its obligations upon us as a nation is met with the outcry of 'priestcraft,' and the obstacle of law. It is said, too, that the Jesuits are at work with their powerful machinations ; and wherever, and in whatever hopeless circumstances of apparent weakness and folly, these men begin their operations, let none dare to despise them. The curse of slavery is still upon us ; and we never can

throw it off, till our lethargy and leprosy of moral feeling is wholly purged away, and its place supplied by the blessed activity and purity of religious benevolence. Our intemperance, in one of its forms, has indeed been checked ; but even here we tremble at the symptoms of a reaction, when many of those, who have acted in this reformation, become apparently satisfied that enough has been done, and secure of the result of their labors ; and in other forms it yet rages frightfully among us. There are contentions, too, beginning to spring up, even amidst the religious and the benevolent, (with whom, if ever, we might hope to see peace,) and creating a fearful sentiment of prejudice and disunion between various portions of our country, and threatening to paralyze the arm of charity, while that of avarice and oppression is clothed with power.

This, one would think, is a sufficiently frightful picture, without having a single feature added to its characters, or a single shade to the darkness of its coloring. It will be called false and hyperbolical ;—but what one statement does it contain, which is not absolutely true ? And why not group together the dark features of our national character, as well as be continually dwelling upon those which are bright. Yet of all fearful indications of depravity among us, we look upon the feelings, which prevail in regard to the approaching destiny of the Indians, as the most alarming.

Should this question be decided according to our fears, it will read a mournful lesson to the poor, the ignorant, the weak, and the oppressed, on the insensate folly of throwing themselves for protection on the mercy of those, who are more powerful than they ; the folly of trusting to the faith of treaties, however solemn, or the strength of obligations, however binding, if there be the most distant prospect, that such treaties and such obligations will ever come in competition with the demands of selfish interest, or the rapacity of unconquerable avarice. Such treaties will be disregarded like the idle fictions of idiocy, and such obligations will be broken like gossamer before the tempest, in the consuming rage of those terribly remorseless passions. The maxim that *might makes right* is the only one which will be held legal, and the only one which will maintain a high and despotic authority, through all changes of circumstance, and in all fluctuations of opinion. The Indians had better stand to their arms and be exterminated, than march further onwards to the Pacific, in the faith that the coming tide of *civilized* population will not sweep them forever till they mingle in its depths. Better thus, than remain to be trampled as the serfs of Georgia—to have their faces ground by the pride and oppression of their slave holding neighbors ;—to be exterminated by the more powerful, and not less sure though slower operation of the vices of the whites.

We write this with a dejection of feeling, which nothing can express. When we look into the pages of history, and see what, in multiplied cases, has been the inevitable fate of questions of this nature, how justice and benevolence have been sacrificed before the altar of ambitious power, and when we look upon some demonstrations of feeling on this subject already exhibited, we are led almost to despair for the result. The only redeeming feature is the spirit of Christianity among us, and the depth and strength of moral and religious feeling in the hearts of many, who honor the profession of Christianity, by their active and ceaseless benevolence. It is a spirit which *would* make its voice heard and its power felt, could it once be roused into action. But of what use can it be, if its energies are consumed in idle, unavailing sympathy. It is a spurious religion, which rusts in inactivity. Let the Christian public rise up quickly, and act with intensity on this subject, or all action will be utterly in vain.

Though the prospect be perilous, we will not relinquish all hope, while we remember, that there is an overruling Providence in the affairs of mortals. *Be still, and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.* We cannot believe that He has preserved this country in so many critical and trying conjunctures; that he has so manifestly made bare his arm for our deliverance, and led us upward to so exalted an eminence of civil and religious privilege, and that he will now leave us to the shameful desertion of the path of our duty; to a betrayal of the high trust he has committed to our charge; to become a black example of national perfidy and injustice; and, in consequence, a terrible example of suffering the vengeance of Heaven. But let it be remembered that it rests with ourselves to determine this most momentous problem. Let it be remembered that God has made known to us the path of duty, and has given us the means of action; and that we are not permitted to sit still in the blindness of satiety, awaiting the determinations of Jehovah, and exclaiming, in the supine idleness and hypocritical resignation of the Turk, ‘God is good! His will be done!’ If we are even so degraded as to wish it, we can none of us float idly onwards, like so many chips and straws, on the surface of the tide of time, which is bearing all things to the bosom of eternity. It is ours to shape our course; to determine whether we will pass to that ocean in calm, and with light shining around us, or whether it shall receive us, to be enveloped in everlasting darkness, and tossed upon the surges of interminable wrath. The poorest and the lowest among us have our part to act in this great crisis, and our portion to bear of the responsibility, which rests upon us as a nation. It is out of our power to tell the mysteries of God’s moral administration of the universe, or to say in what manner, when

he inflicts vengeance upon a guilty people, he will apportion the punishment of its individuals, according to their share in the crime. But we know that he will do this, and that we all, as individuals, make up, by our own character and conduct, the character and conduct of our country. Let us ask ourselves what each of us can do, to avert the threatening evil, and to add power to the hands of the benevolent. Let each contribute his exertions, and utter his voice, till the united appeal of millions shall swell to such an accumulated energy of remonstrance, as even a despotic government would not dare to resist.

God forbid that the prayers which have ascended for the Indians, and the exertions which may be made in their behalf, should fail. It would be better that half the states in the union were annihilated, and the remnant left powerful in holiness, strong in the prevalence of virtue, than that the whole nation should be stained with guilt, and sooner or later disorganized, by the self-destroying energies of wickedness. We would rather have a civil war, were there no other alternative, than avoid it by taking shelter in crime ;—for besides that, in our faith, it would be better for the universe to be annihilated, than for one jot or tittle of the Law of God to be broken, we know that such a shelter would only prove the prison-house of vengeance and despair. We would take up arms for the Indians in such a war, with as much confidence of our duty, as we would stand with our bayonet, on the shore of the Atlantic, to repel the assaults of the most barbarous invader. Perhaps we do wrong to make even the supposition ; for it can never come to this. But let anything come upon us, rather than the stain and the curse of such perfidy, as has been contemplated. Let the vials of God's wrath be poured out in plague, and storm, and desolation ; let our navies be scattered to the four winds of heaven ; let our corn be blasted in the fields ; let our first born be consumed with the stroke of the pestilence ; let us be visited with earthquakes, and given as a prey to the devouring fire ; but let us not be left to commit so great an outrage on the law of nations and of God ; let us not be abandoned to the degradation of national perjury, and, as its certain consequence, to some signal addition of national wo. Let us listen to the warning voice, which comes to us from the destruction of Israel.

Their glory faded, and their race dispersed,
The last of nations now, though once the first ;
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn ;
If *we* escap'd not, if Heaven spared not *us*,
Peel'd, scatter'd, and exterminated thus ;
If vice received her retribution due,
When *we* were visited, **WHAT HOPE FOR YOU ?**
When God arises with an awful frown,
To punish lust, or pluck presumption down :
When gifts perverted, or not duly prized,
Pleasure o'ervalued, and his grace despised,

Provokē the vengeance of his righteous hand,
To pour down wrath upon a thankless land ;—
He will be found impartially severe ;
Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear.

In making the preceding statements and appeals, let us not be accused of wantonly attempting to aggravate the evils which threaten us. We have no wish to exaggerate them; they are mournful enough in reality. Let none dare to sneer at our exhibition of the fearful importance of this crisis as idle preaching, or to deride the warmth of our feelings, as the fanatical zeal of a sedentary enthusiast. We bless the Author of our being that he has not placed us in a situation to become hardened in soul by the cunning of political selfishness. We are consoled in our simplicity by the assurance of one, whose instructions we have been taught to venerate, that it is good to be '*simple, concerning that which is evil;*' and by the declarations of another,* whose wisdom is only not inspired, that "refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and will be so as long as the world endures. Plain good intention," (he continues) "which is as easily discovered at the first view, as fraud is surely detected at last, is of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle."

This subject is too solemn to be approached with thoughtless derision, or lightly passed by with a sarcasm. Let those, who are ignorant of it, be silent; and let those, who are indifferent, at least restrain their levity, and withhold their miserable ridicule. We have given it no coloring which the coldest scrutiny of reason will not justify. Yet even if we had overcharged the picture, we have the authority of one of the wisest statesmen whom our country has ever produced,† that "before the evil has happened, it is the part of wisdom to exhibit its worst aspects." Let us listen to another of his admirable paragraphs, to be found in a "Speech on the British Treaty," delivered on an occasion singularly similar, in some of its bearings, to the present.

"I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of polities, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians; a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but a sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of Justice could live again, collect together, and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would

* Edmund Burke,

† Fisher Ames.

therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith. It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No! Let me not even imagine, that a republican government, sprung as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government, whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon a solemn debate, make its option to be faithless; can dare to act, what despots dare not avow: what our own example evinces that the states of Barba-ry are unsuspected of."

"If, in the nature of things, there could be any experience which would be extensively instructive but our own," (we quote from another production of the same writer) "all history lies open for our warning,—open like a church-yard, all whose lessons are solemn, and chiseled for eternity in the hard stone—lessons that whisper,—O! that they could thunder to republics, 'your passions and your vices forbid you to be free.'—But experience, though she teaches wisdom, teaches it too late. The most signal events pass away unprofitably for the generation in which they occur, till at length a people, deaf to the things that belong to its peace, is destroyed or enslaved, because it will not be instructed."

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is a melancholy task to reckon with the departed year. To trace back the curious threads of affection through its many colored woof, and knot anew its broken places—to number the missing objects of interest, the dead and the neglected—to sum up the broken resolutions, the deferred hopes, the dissolved phantoms of anticipation, and the many wanderings from the leading-star of duty—this is indeed a melancholy task, but, withal, we think a profitable, and, it may sometimes be, a pleasant and a soothing one. It is wonderful in what short courses the objects of this world move. They are like arrows feebly shot. A year—a brief year, is full of things dwindled and finished and forgotton. Nothing keeps evenly on. What is there in the running calendar of the year that has departed, which has kept its place and its magnitude? Here and there an aspirant for fame still stretches after his eluding shadow—here and there an enthusiast still clings to his golden dream—here and there (and alas! how rarely) a friend keeps his truth, and a lover his fervor—but how many more, that were as ambitious, as enthusiastic, as loving as these, when this year began, are now sluggish and cold and false? You may keep a record of life, and as surely as it is human, it will be a fragmented and disjointed history, crowded with unaccountableness and change. There is nothing constant. The links of life are forever breaking, but we rush on still. A fellow traveller drops from our side into the grave—a guiding star of hope vanishes from the sky—a creature of our affections, a child or an idol, is snatched from us—perhaps nothing with which we began the race is left to us, and yet we do not halt. "Onward—still onward" is the eternal cry, and as the past recedes, the broken ties are forgotten, and the present and future occupy us alone.

There are bright chapters in the past, however. If our lot is capricious and broken, it is also new and various. One friend has grown cool, but we have won another. One chance was less fortunate than we expected, but another was better. We have encountered one man's prejudices, but, in so doing, we have unexpectedly flattered the partialities of his neighbor. We have neglected a recorded duty, but a deed of charity done upon impulse has brought up the balance. In an equable temper of mind, memory, to a man of ordinary goodness of heart, is pleasant company. A careless rhymer, whose heart is better than his head, says

"In Memory's land waves never a flower,
There never a summer breeze blows,
But some long cherished thought of joy or grief
Starts up from its solemn repose,
And forms are living and visible there
Which vanished long since from our earthly sphere.

I would not escape from Memory's land
For all the eye can view;
For there's dearer dust in Memory's land
Than the ore of rich Peru.
I clasp the fetter by Memory twined
The wanderer's heart and soul to bind."

It was a good thought suggested by an ingenious friend of ours, to make one's will annually, and remember all whom we love in it in the degree of their deservings. We have acted upon the hint since, and truly it is keeping a calendar of one's life. We have little to bequeath, indeed—a manuscript or two, some half dozen pictures, and a score or two of much thumbed and choice authors—but, slight as these poor mementos are, it is pleasant to rate their difference, and write against them the names of our friends, as we should wish them left if we knew we were presently to die. It would be a satisfying thought in sickness that our friends would have a memorial to suggest us when we were gone—that they would know we wished to be remembered by them, and remembered them among the first. And it is pleasant too, while alive, to change the order of appropriation with the ever varying evidences of affection. It is a relief to vexation and mortified pride to erase the name of one unworthy or false, and it is delightful as another gets nearer to your heart, with the gradual and sure test of intimacy, to prefer him in your secret register. If we should live to be old, we doubt not it will be a pleasant thing to look over these little testaments. It is difficult, now, with their kind offices and pleasant faces ever about us, to realize the changes of feeling between the first and the last—more difficult still to imagine, against any of those familiar names, the significant asterisk which marks the dead—yet if the common chances of human truth, and the still more desperate chances of hu-

man life, continue—it is melancholy to think what a miracle it would be if even half this list, brief and youthful as it is, should be, twenty years hence, living and unchanged.

The festivities of this part of the year always seemed to us mistimed and revolting. We know not what color the reflections of others take, but to us it is simply the feeling of escape—the released breath of fear after a period of suspense and danger. Accident, Misery, Death, have been about us in their invisible shapes, and while one is tortured with pain, and another reduced to wretchedness, and another struck into the grave beside us, we, we know not why or how, are still living and prosperous. It is next to a miracle that we are so. We have been on the edge of chasms continually. Our feet have tottered, our bosoms have been grazed by the thick shafts of disease—had our eyes been spirit-keen we should have been dumb with fear at our peril. If every tenth sunbeam were a deadly arrow—if the earth were full of invisible abysses—if poisons were sown thickly in the air, life would hardly be more insecure. We can stand upon our thresholds and see it. The vigorous are stricken down by an invisible hand—the active and busy suddenly disappear—death is caught in the breath of the night wind, in the dropping of the dew. There is no place or moment in which that horrible phantom is not gliding among us. It is natural at each period of escape to rejoice fervently and from the heart; but we know not, if others look upon Death with the same irrepressible horror that we do, how their joy can be so thoughtlessly trifling. It seems to us, matter for deep, and almost fearful congratulation. It should be expressed in religious places and with the solemn voice of worship; and when the period has thus been marked, it should be speedily forgotten lest its cloud become depressing. We are advocates for all the gayety that the spirits will bear. We would reserve no particle of the treasure of happiness. The world is dull enough at the best. But do not mistake its temper. Do not press into the service of gay pleasure the thrilling solemnities of life. We think anything which reminds us of death, solemn; any time, when our escape from it is thrust irresistibly upon the mind, a solemn time; and such, or we are peculiar in our opinion, is the season of the New-Year. It should be occupied by serious thoughts. It is the time to reckon with one's heart—to renew and form resolutions—to forgive, and reconcile, and redeem. It is anything but a time for merriment.

But to our criticisms.

The most useful book which has been laid on our table this month is the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." It is a neat reprint in duodecimo, by Wells and Lilly, of a series published by a British Society, at the head of which is Mr. Brougham. The object is to lead young and indifferent readers to knowledge by an imperceptible

mingling of amusement with information. The compilation of anecdote and description would be entertaining to any one, and for ourselves, we confess to having read it through, a peccadillo which is rarely committed by a reviewer. If we could judge by the sensation it produced among certain younglings for whose home reading we sometimes cater, it is a book of unusual captivation also to the class for which it is intended. We commend it to any one who wishes to be profitably amused.

A book is under our hand which gives us an opportunity we have long wished for, of alluding to a prevalent abuse of criticism. We refer to a habit among reviewers of submitting an author to a standard for which he never wrote, and by which he never dreamed of being measured—the habit of abusing a book for what it is not, and what it does not pretend to be, and of totally overlooking the question whether it answers its design, or is adapted to the class for which it is written. We hold that a writer has the privilege of selecting his own class of readers—that he may write for them, and them only, and if, in a book so written, there is anything which jars upon the taste of better or older classes, it is no subject of criticism. A child's book is not to be blamed for want of gravity—nor a book for the gay and merry for want of severity, nor a book for the comprehension and improvement of the vulgar for want of perfumed elegance. This is done, however, and that every day. One would think the world was "all grown up"—that "childhood was dead"—that there was but one kind of people in the world, and they were critics, too wise to be amused, and too sublimated for anything but "knowledge." It seems never to have occurred to their wisdom, that there may be tastes different from their own, and that authors describe best their own period and condition of life. Young or old, rude or refined, the author who would meet commendation must write for scholars and greybeards. The "*ne ultra crepidam,*" though often quoted, is the last principle they encourage in practice.

The book we referred to above is "the Frugal Housewife," by Mrs. Child, the authoress of Hobomok. It is written for the lower classes, and, as far as we are able to judge, it is as perfectly adapted to their taste and comprehension as could reasonably be desired. What we chiefly admire about the book is its heartiness—its thorough-going, unhesitating, cordial freedom from taste. No word is used where there was a plainer or ruder one to be had. No misplaced attempt is made to turn a sentence gracefully, or qualify expressions to which a delicate ear is unused, or disguise, in any manner, information at which a palate of tolerable nicety would revolt. We read the book under some apprehension that we should detect traces of breeding in it—that, as it was written by a lady, and a cele-

brated lady, there would occur glimpses of refinement, and distaste to the task. We feared that the rude creatures for whose benefit it was designed, would find an indescribable want of congeniality and fellowship about it—that they would feel that it was not written by one who entered with a pleased sympathy into even the coarsest of their wants, and took a genial satisfaction in what others might call the repugnant details of such matters. It was a most unnecessary apprehension. No one will doubt, who reads it, the innate sympathy of the writer with her intended readers. There is a lingering succulence about some of the descriptions of dishes which could only have been engendered from recollection. We will give an extract or two—begging pardon of our readers for any offence in the facts or the language. If there is any thing naughty in them, we plead ignorance—many of the words being quite new to us, and we not having access to any authentic reference. We select here and there a passage at random.

"Look frequently into the pails to see that nothing is thrown to the pigs, which should be in the grease-pot."

"Look to the grease-pot and see if nothing is there which might serve to nourish your own family."

"If you have poultry which you are fearful will not keep well, put salt and pepper, and a skinned onion inside of them. Take out the gizzard and liver, parboil them and make them into a pie."

"Indian pudding is *nice* baked."

"Hard gingerbread is *nice* to have in the family."

"A *nice* pudding may be made of bits of bread."

"The heart, liver, &c., of a pig is *nice* fried."

"A Bullock's heart is very profitable for a steak."

"The navel end of the brisket is the best for salting and corning."

"Bones from which roasting pieces have been cut, may be bought in the market for ten or twelve cents, from which a very rich soup may be made, besides skimming off *nice* fat for shortening. If the bones left from the rump be bought, they will give more than a pint of *nice* shortening."

"When you are buying mackerel, pinch the belly to ascertain whether it is good. If it gives under your finger, like a bladder half filled with wind, the fish is poor; if it feels hard like butter the fish is *nice*."

"Some think liver is *nicer* to be dipped in Indian meal before it is fried. It is *nice* broiled and buttered like a steak."

"The line (of veal) has the kidney upon it; the fore quarter has the brisket on it. This is a *sweet* and *delicate morsel*."

"Many people buy the upper part of the spare-rib of pork, thinking it the most *genteel*; but the lower part toward the neck is much more *sweet* and *juicy*."

"Calf's head should be cleansed with very great care; particularly the lights. The head, the heart, and the lights should boil two hours; the liver should boil one hour. It is better to leave the wind-pipe on, for if it hangs out of the pot while the head is cooking, all the froth will escape through it. The brains after being thoroughly washed, should be put in a little bag," &c., &c.

We trust our readers are satisfied that our praise was warranted. We cannot sufficiently admire the sincere, gross aptness of these descriptions, more particularly when we reflect that they come from a lady. It is well for us that Providence has distributed genius so equally—that there are minds, female minds, so constituted as not to

refine and get out of their original orbit by cultivation. We cannot but think that some merit attaches to the fair authoress herself for the cultivation of these tastes. She must have resisted constantly the insidious advances of refinement. She must have kept up during the process of mental cultivation, an adherence of singular pertinacity to her early propensities. If we may judge by the feelings with which we, without any particular pretensions to refinement, conned over the ingredients of her *nice* things, it must have been a most Promethean discipline, that could bring a female mind, not only to admit, but to relish them. We admired "Hobomok," and "The Rebels," but the "Frugal Housewife" is beyond admiration.

It is a pleasant proof of the goodness of human nature that Alaric Watts's poems are so universally popular. The fourth London edition is before us, and you will find its contents in every well selected album in this country. They have passed through our papers, not always with the author's name, but always with praise, and he is as well known among us as Southeby and Shelley. Yet withal, he is not a great poet. He is a man of pure taste and much talent it is true, but these would not have distinguished him. It is the feeling—the spirit of his poetry that has given him his popularity. Without half of Shelley's power, he is more known and quoted—without half of Keats's grace and fervor he has twice his fame. There is a warm rich glow of affection upon all he does, which, spite of the croakers, is loved and admired by the readers of poetry. It outshines passion. It is better than power, if to be powerful is to be sensual or impious. The lines below will be remembered for their pure feeling when many a more brilliant production is forgotten.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM POWER WATTS, AGED THREE
YEARS.

*Sweet flower! with flowers I strew thy narrow bed!
Sweets to the sweet! farewell!*

SHAKSPEARE.

I.

A cloud is on my heart and brow,—
The tears are in my eyes,—
And wishes fond, all idle now,
Are stifled into sighs;—
As musing on thine early doom,
Thou bud of beauty snatched to bloom,
So soon, 'neath milder skies!
I turn—thy painful struggle past—
From what thou art to what thou wast!

II.

I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy frank but boisterous glee;—
Thy arch sweet smiles,—thy coy delays,—
Thy steps, so light and free,—

Thy sparkling glance, and hasty run,
 Thy gladness when thy task was done,
 And gained thy mother's knee ;
 Thy gay, good-humored, childish ease,
 And all thy thousand arts to please !

III.

Where are they now?—And where, oh where,
 The eager fond caress ?
 The blooming cheek, so fresh and fair,
 The lips, all sought to press ?—
 The open brow and laughing eye,—
 The heart that leaped so joyously ?
 (Ah ! had we loved them less !)
 Yet there are thoughts can bring relief,
 And sweeten even this cup of grief.

IV.

What hast thou 'scaped?—A thorny scene !
 A wilderness of woe !
 Where many a blast of anguish keen
 Had taught thy tears to flow !
 Perchance some wild and withering grief,
 Had sered thy summer's earliest leaf,
 In these dark bowers below !
 Or sickening chills of hope deferred,
 To strife thy gentle thoughts had stirred !

V.

What hast thou 'scaped ?—Life's weltering sea,
 Before the storm arose ;
 Whilst yet its gliding waves were free
 From aught that marred repose !
 Safe from the thousand throes of pain,—
 Ere sin or sorrow breathed a stain
 Upon thine opening rose !
 And who can calmly think of this,
 Nor envy thee thy doom of bliss ?

VI.

I culled from home's beloved bowers,
 To deck thy last long sleep,
 The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
 That summer's dews may steep :—
 The rose-bud—emblem meet—was there,—
 The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
 That drooping, seemed to weep ;—
 And, now, I add this lowlier spell :—
 Sweets to the passing sweet ! Farewell !

If the test of poetry is to touch the heart and fill the eye, this is poetry. We do not think Mr. Watts is surpassed in this gift of tenderness. Barry Cornwall sometimes comes suddenly upon a fibre of the heart, but with his glittering and affected style, it is always by surprise. Coleridge indeed—but Genevieve is beyond comparison.

We will take one more specimen from Mr. Watts's volume, of a different style. The “Angel of the World,” by Croly is one of the richest and most delicious creations living. We had a copy several years ago, but it is lost, and we never have seen another. We are glad to meet this tribute to its worth.

LINES, WRITTEN IN THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

I.

It is a sunny vision—a deep dream—
Too full of beauty for the heart to dwell,
Unpained, upon the dazzling rays that stream
Around the Bard's creations! Music's swell
Voluptuous on the ear;—the camel-bell,
Borne softly on the distance;—banners bright,
Instinct with gems;—that angel ere he fell,
And starry Eblis,—in their mingled might,
Deluge each weary pulse with too intense delight.

II.

We turn away with dim, delirious sense
From that so fervid blaze; and seek repose
From Eastern splendor and magnificence,
From gorgeous palaces and clouds of rose,
Sceptres and thrones, and diamond-crested brows,—
Pluming our spirits' pinions at the page,
Where sweet Floranthe warbles forth her woes,
In strains, of power each turbulent thought to 'suage,
And bid the passions cease their fierce, wild war, to wage!

III.

Surpassing Lyrst! from thy powerful hand,
The thunders and keen lightnings of the Muse
Speed forth in glorious might!—Thou canst command
The noon-tide burst of poesy;—yet infuse
Its twilight calms and bloom-refreshing dews
Amid thy deep conceptions; and canst braid
Wreaths rich and bright, with variegated hues,
As those on an Arabian Heaven displayed,
Ere day's last rainbow-beams have vanished into shade!

We last month alluded to the story of "Eugene Aram" as one of the two or three things worth remembering from the Souvenirs. We have been surprised, since, to find that it is very little known; and having by us, a copy of the "Gem," (the annual in which it first appeared) we cannot resist the temptation to quote it. It is really one of the most remarkable productions of modern poetry. There is a resemblance, perhaps, to Coleridge, in its general style, but it is by no means an imitation, and we scarcely feel that it is heresy to put it side by side with the Ancient Mariner. We hope it will be new to most of our readers, and those who have seen it we are sure will thank us for preserving it in our pages.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.—BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
 And souls untouched by sin ;
 To a level mead they came, and there
 They drove the wickets in :
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
 And shouted as they ran,—
 Turning to mirth all things of earth.
 As only boyhood can ;
 But the Usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze,
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease :
 So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
 The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf, he turn'd it o'er,
 Nor ever glanc'd aside ;
 For the peace of his soul he read that book
 In the golden eventide :
 Much study had made him very lean,
 And pale, and leaden-eye'd.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
 With a fast and fervent grasp
 He strain'd the dusky covers close,
 And fix'd the brazen hasp :
 "O God, could I so close my mind,
 And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
 Some moody turns he took,—
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,
 And past a shady nook,—
 And, lo ! he saw a little boy
 That pored upon a book !

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
 Romance or fairy fable ?
 Or is it some historic page,
 Of kings and crowns unstable ?"
 The young boy gave an upward glance,—
 "It is 'The Death of Abel.'

The Usher took six hasty strides,
 As smit with sudden pain,—
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again ;
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves ;
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves ;
 Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injur'd men
 Shriek upward from the sod,—
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point

To shew the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old :
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear’d Him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And, lo ! the universal air
Seem’d lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name !

“ Oh God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gush’d out a main !
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil’s price :
A dozen times I groan’d ; the dead
Had never groan’d but twice !

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven’s topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the Blood-Avenging Sprite :—
‘ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight !’

" I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream,—
 A sluggish water, black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme.—
 My gentle Boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream !

" Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
 And vanished in the pool ;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
 And wash'd my forehead cool ;
 And sat among the urchins young
 That evening in the school !

" Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
 And mine so black and grim !
 I could not share in childish prayer,
 Nor join in Evening Hymn :
 Like a Devil of the Pit, I seem'd,
 'Mid Holy Cherubim !

" And Peace went with them, one and all,
 And each calm pillow spread ;
 But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
 That lighted me to bed ;
 And drew my midnight curtains round,
 With fingers bloody red !

" All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep ;
 My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
 But stared aghast at Sleep :
 For Sin had render'd unto her
 The Keys of Hell to keep !

" All night I lay in agony,
 From weary chime to chime,
 With one besetting horrid hint,
 That rack'd me all the time,—
 A mighty yearning, like the first
 Fierce impulse unto crime !

" One stern tyrranic thought, that made
 All other thoughts its slave ;
 Stronger and stronger every pulse ;
 Did that temptation crave,—
 Still urging me to go and see
 The Dead Man in his grave !

" Heavily I rose up, as soon
 As light was in the sky,
 And sought the black accursed pool
 With a wild misgiving eye ;
 And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
 For the faithless stream was dry !

" Merrily rose the lark, and shook
 The dewdrop from its wing ;
 But I never mark'd its morning flight,
 I never heard it sing :
 For I was stooping once again
 Under the horrid thing

'With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
 'I took him up and ran,—
 There was no time to dig a grave

Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murder'd man !

" And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

" Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refus'd to keep :
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

" So wills the fierce Avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

" Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

" And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !"—
The fearful Boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn.
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.*

Very little is known in this country of the far-fetched and elaborate satire of the English press. In such a hot-bed as their periodical literature is, such things can be, and are, brought to great perfection. They are at any pains to give the conspicuous a thrust. There are satirical theories, and burlesque octavos, and grave mockery of all kinds got up with as much labor and talent as the original subject. The truth is, the palates of English readers are sated and palled to a degree which surpasses wonder. Nothing simple relishes. The corruption of the public taste has been under an accelerated momentum for several years, and now, instead of a

* The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was Usher, subsequent to his crime. The Admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys ; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in the Poem.

mere seasoning, the whole body of its daily food has become one spicy condiment. Much of their personality and wit is lost upon us in this country, and even that which we understand, is too exaggerated for our simplicity to enjoy fully, but as mere "curiosities of literature," some of their hits are not unworthy of notice. An English paper lies by us, in which we have been reading with unsuspecting gravity for the last half hour, a column or two of sober speculation on the proposed settlement upon the Swan River. This is an interesting newspaper topic, and though the proposition to establish a regular system of letters in a new settlement was somewhat original, we were too accustomed to the prevalent startling order of such things to be much surprised. After giving a mental assent to the writer's propositions for some time, we come to some examinations of literary men by the committee on the feasibility of the plan, which enlightened us. An amusing extract from them will also enlighten our readers:—

EXAMINATION OF THE 'AUTHOR OF THE DISOWNED.'

"In the course of the last winter, Sir, you published a metaphysical novel?"
"I did—a metaphysico-fashionable novel."

"The metaphysics of which gave, as the committee has been informed, universal satisfaction."

"If universal means merely of or belonging to the visible universe, I may say that it gave more than universal pleasure; for not only did it perfectly satisfy myself and the Lady Patronesses, but also a large body of bipeds, existing for the most part, "*extra flammantia mænia mundi*," on the north side of Oxford-street, and in the dark caverns of Westminster; and there called, as I learn from a dweller in those solitudes, who has described them particularly in the last "Edinburgh Review," Utilitarians or Benthamites."

"You mentioned, Sir, in a former part of your examination, that you were occupied nearly two months in the composition of the four volumes?"

"I believe the MSS. did lie upon my table for nearly that time."

"Can you inform the committee how large a portion of that two months was spent in preparing the metaphysics of the work?"

"The press was delayed nearly a week by the dilatoriness of one of the parties."

"To what parties do you refer?"

"A document which I have in my pocket will explain. I must beg leave to mention, that it was given to me this morning by my publisher, and that being somewhat pressed for time, I unconsciously thrust it into my waistcoat. It is an offence which I was never guilty of before, and I trust the Committee will not betray me. The document is as follows:"

"DEAR SIR,—You remember that in our original negociation respecting 'The Disowned,' it was agreed that the charge for procuring the metaphysics, which I undertook, should not be included in the price of the copyright. I now beg leave to forward for your perusal the inclosed bill, which I have received from the different persons who took part in providing them.—I am, Sir, &c. &c.

H. COLBURN."

"Bill."

To selecting metaphysical opinions from the Westminster Review, at the rate of 4s. for every 100, £2 1 6

To finding authorities for the same, at the rate of 2s. for the name of every ancient philosopher—1s. for all philosophers previous to Hobbes—and 6d. for all since,

3 3 1

To washing, dressing, and making gentlemanly, the opinions taken from

'The Westminster Review,' as per former item. (This, being a delicate business, was undertaken by my own shopman.)	21 0 0
To fitting the same to the character of Mr. Mordaunt,	4 5 0
<hr/>	
£30 8 7	

'This, I understand, is much above the ordinary rate; and I learn from a person at the Bar, with whom I have the misfortune to be acquainted, that, if the bill were taxed in the Court of Chancery, it would be reduced to one third of its present amount.'

A heap of new periodicals lies upon our table, which we scarce know how to dispose of. We must merely mention them, and leave them to their (if they did but know it) melancholy career.

The "Juvenile Monthly" (it will draw ruinously on your gingerbread funds, young masters,) is a fairly printed and pertly written affair, displaying some precocity, and a great deal of school-boy pedantry. We thank the Editor, (we hope his initials, C. W. T., do not stand for his weight,) for the compliment of an "Editor's Table." Our best wish for him is, that he may not mistake its "green baize" for "green bays." He may else find that authors and dogs are broken in alike—by whipping.

"The Essayist," by W. Light, is a more modest affair of the same design. The Editor's name is apt, but we fear he will presently wish himself "under a bushel." "W. Light" will be *double!* *you light!* and when "lit at both ends" things burn consumedly. We trust he is not "dipped."

The Yankee is united to the "Ladies' Magazine"—the mustard-pot dropped into the milk-pan! If Mrs. Hale has an-*neal*-ed her work to keep it from breaking, we fear she has mistaken the process. Punning aside, we are sorry Neal has given up. We shall miss him, as the old scholar missed his neighbor, the brazier. His din had become necessary to us. We feared how it would be when he began to grow virtuous. His last numbers have been dismally decent and sensible—a reproach upon his readers which they could not be expected to forgive.

Mr. Buckingham, of the Courier, has handed us the following epigram, as a note to the "Ode upon Good Nature," mentioned in our last. He says it is one of ten or a dozen sent him on the same subject, which he has rejected. We do not mention it in the way of explanation or apology to Mr. B., (for he could not consider our good-natured *persiflage* on the subject as anything but an awkward attempt at his own well-played weapons,) but merely to introduce the epigram itself, which is quite too good to be lost.

"Unwritten honors to thy name belong,
Willis, immortal both in prose and song;
Unwritten poetry thy pen inspires;
Unwritten music, too, thy fancy fires;
And, more than all, philosophy divine,
With its *unwritten* beauties, all are thine.

Oh how much greater praise would be thy due,
If thine own *prose* had been *unwritten* too!"

Very well done! Like the knight of Eastcheap, we like to be "the cause of wit in others." It is said, that the highest compliment to poetry is a parody:

Unwritten honors do in truth belong
To him who gets a living by his song,
Unwritten poetry, though wits do mutter,
And "music" too, to him is *bread and butter*.
And, more than all, *philosophy divine*,
Helps him to ask poor wits, like thee, to *dine*.
Oh how much greater praise would be your due,
If your own wit could do as much for you.

So—we breathe freely. Our labor for the month is done. Our books are criticised—our challenges met—our table clear. It is difficult to express the feeling of expansion, the enlargement of heart, with which an Editor sends his devil to the press with the last sheet. If you want a favor, come on the fourteenth day of the month. We will do anything in our vocation for you, then—write a sonnet to your mistress, or an elegy on your grandmother—lend you our folio Burton, or tell you our tailor—patch up your aunt's poetry, or "trot out" your country cousin—anything in the world except lend you money, or dine with you on salt fish of a Saturday—two things which we consider too romantically disinterested to be expected of human nature. And so ends our first task in 1830. To wish you a happy New Year, dear Reader, is a thing of course. We wish it to our acquaintance with you—that you may still share our thoughts and acquisitions with us, and that we may meet you till the year comes round again, at our cheerful table, still winning in your eyes, grace and favor.

